

THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
King *LEAR*,  
A  
TRAGEDY:

As it is now acted at the King's Theatres.

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*Revived, with Alterations, by N. TATE.*

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L O N D O N:

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HISTORY

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King Lear

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By the Rev. Mr. T. Tate.

London

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T O

My Esteem'd FRIEND

THOMAS BOTELER, *Esq;*

 YOU have a natural Right to this Piece, since by your Advice I attempted the Revival of it with Alterations. Nothing but the Power of your Persuasions, and my Zeal for all the Remains of *Shakespear*, cou'd have wrought me to so bold an Undertaking. I found that the New-modelling of this Story wou'd force me sometimes on the difficult Task of making the chiefest Persons speak something like their Characters, on Matter whereof I had no Ground in my Author. *Lear's* real and *Edgar's* pretended Madness have so much of *extravagant Nature* (I know not how to express it) as could never have started, but from our *Shakespear's* Creating Fancy. The Images and Languages are so odd and surprizing, and yet so agreeable and proper, that whilst we grant that none but *Shakespear* could have form'd such Conceptions; yet we are satisfied that they were the only Things in the World that ought to be said on these Occasions. I found the Whole to answer your Account of it, a Heap of Jewels unstrung, and unpolish'd; yet so dazzling in their Disorder, that I soon perceiv'd I had seiz'd a Treasure. 'Twas my good Fortune to light on one Expedient to rectify what was wanting in the Regularity and Probability of the Tale, which was to run through the Whole, as *Love* betwixt *Edgar* and *Cordelia*; that never chang'd Word with each other in the Original. This renders *Cordelia's* Indifference, and her Father's Passion in the first Scene, probable. It likewise gives Countenance to *Edgar's* Disguise, making that a generous Design that



# DEDICATION.

was before a poor Shift to save his life. The Distress of the Story is evidently heightened by it; and it particularly gave Occasion of a new Scene or two, of more Success (perhaps) than Merit. This Method necessarily threw me on making the Tale conclude in a Success to the innocent distressed Persons: Otherwise I must have incumbered the Stage with dead Bodies, which Conduct makes many Tragedies conclude with unseasonable Jests. Yet was I wrack'd with no small Fears for so bold a Change, 'till I found it well receiv'd by my Audience; and if this will not satisfy the Reader, I can produce an Authority that questionless will.

*Neither is it of so Trivial an Undertaking*  
Mr. Dryd. *to make a Tragedy end happily, for 'tis*  
Pref. to the *more difficult to save than 'tis to kill: the*  
*Spanish Friar. Dagger and the Cup of Poison are always*  
*in Readiness; but to bring the Action to the*  
*last Extremity, and then by probable Means to recover All,*  
*will require the Art and Judgment of a Writer, and cost*  
*him many a Pang in the Performance.*

I have one Thing more to apologize for, which is, that I have us'd less Quaintness of Expression even in the newest Parts of this Play. I confess, it was Design in me, partly to comply with my Author's Style, to make the Scenes of a Piece, and partly to give it some Resemblance of the Time and Persons here represented. This, Sir, I submit wholly to you, who are both a Judge and Master of Style. Nature had exempted you before you went Abroad from the morose Saturnine Humour of our Country, and you brought Home the Refinedness of Travel without the Affectation. Many Faults I see in the following Pages, and question not but you will discover more; yet I will presume so far on your Friendship, as to make the Whole a Present to you, and subscribe myself,

*Your obliged Friend*

*and humble Servant,*

N. TATE.





# PROLOGUE.

*S*INCE by Mistakes your best Delights are made,  
(For e'en your Wives can please in Masquerade)  
'Twere worth our while t'ave drawn you in this Day  
By a new Name to our old honest Play;  
But he that did this Evening's Treat prepare  
Bluntly resolv'd before-hand to declare  
Your Entertainment should be most old Fare.  
Yet hopes, since in rich Shakespear's Soil it grew,  
'Twill relish yet, with those whose Tastes are true,  
And his Ambition is to please a Few.  
If then this Heap of Flow'rs shall chance to wear  
Fresh Beauty in the Order they now bear,  
Even this Shakespear's Praise; each Rustick knows  
'Mongst plenteous Flow'rs a Garland to compose,  
Which strung by this coarse Hand may fairer show,  
But 'twas a Power Divine first made 'em grow.  
Why shou'd these Scenes lie hid, in which we find  
What may at once divert and teach the Mind;  
Morals were always proper for the Stage,  
But are ev'n necessary in this Age;  
Poets must take the Church's teaching Trade,  
Since Priests their Province of Intrigue invade;  
But we the worst of this Exchange have got,  
In vain our Poets preach, whilst Churchmen plot.



# *The* PERSONS.

KING *Lear*, Mr. *Garrick*.

*Gloster*, Mr. *Berry*.

*Kent*, Mr. *Bransby*.

*Edgar*, Mr. *Havard*.

*Bastard*, Mr. *Palmer*.

*Cornwall*, Mr. *Blakes*.

*Albany*, Mr. *Usher*.

*Burgundy*, Mr. *Marr*.

*Gentleman Usher*, Mr. *Vernon*.

*Goneril*, Mrs. *Bennet*.

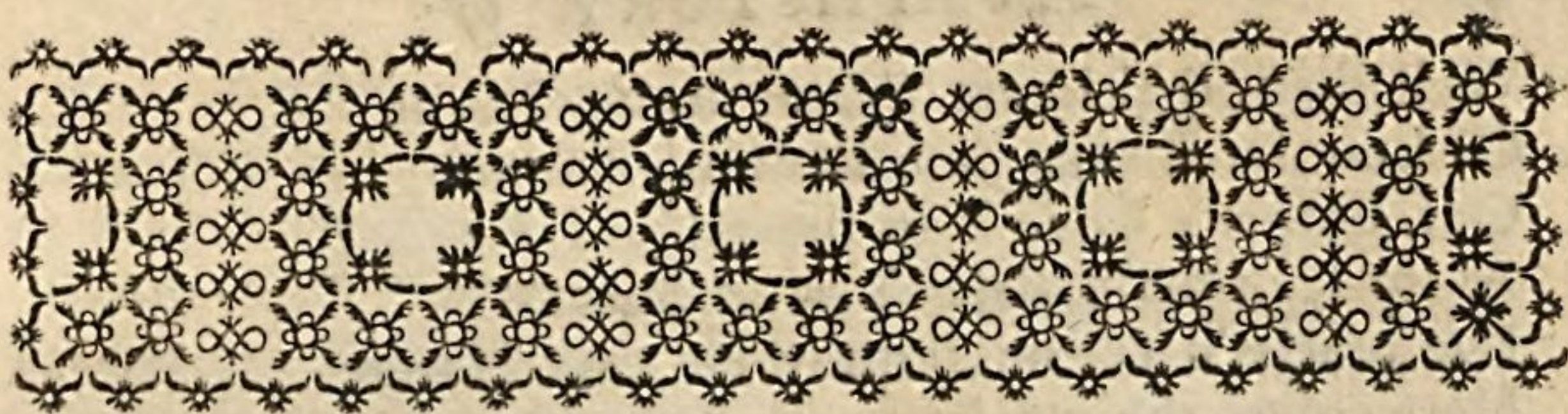
*Regan*, Miss *Haughton*.

*Cordelia*, Mrs. *Cibber*.

*Guards, Officers, Messengers, Attendants.*

THE



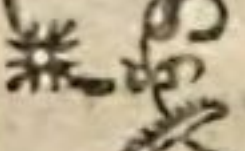
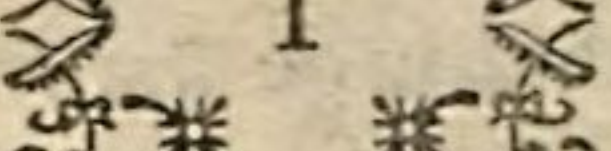


THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
King *LEAR*.

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ACT I.

*Enter Bastard solus.*

*Bast.*  HOW Nature art my Goddes ; to  
thy Law  
 T  My Services are bound ; Why am I  
then  
 Depriv'd of a Son's Right, because  
 I came not

In the dull Road that Custom has prescrib'd ?  
Why Bastard, wherefore Base, when I can boast  
A Mind as gen'rous, and a Shape as true  
As honest Madam's Issue ? Why are we  
Held Base, who in the lusty Stealth of Nature  
Take fiercer Qualities than what compound  
The scanted Births of the stale Marriage-bed.

Well



Well then, legitimate *Edgar*, to thy Right  
 Of Law I will oppose a Bastard's Cunning.  
 Our Father's Love is to the Ballard *Edmund*  
 As to legitimate *Edgar*; with Success  
 I've practis'd yet on both their easy Natures :  
 Here comes the old Man chaf'd with th' Information  
 Which last I forg'd against my Brother *Edgar* ;  
 A Tale so plausible, so boldly utter'd,  
 And heighten'd by such lucky Accident,  
 That now the slightest Circumstance confirms him,  
 And base-born *Edmund* spight of Law inherits.

*Enter Kent and Gloster.*

*Glost.* Nay, good my Lord, your Charity  
 O'ershoots itself, to plead in his Behalf;  
 You are yourself a Father, and may feel  
 The Sting of Disobedience from a Son.  
 First-born and best-belov'd : O Villain *Edgar* !

*Kent.* Be not too rash ; all may be Forgery,  
 And Time yet clear the Duty of your Son.

*Glost.* Plead with the Seas, and reason down the Winds,  
 Yet shalt thou ne'er convince me : I have seen  
 His foul Designs through all a Father's Fondness :  
 But be this Light and thou my Witnesses,  
 That I discard him here from my Possessions,  
 Divorce him from my Heart, my Blood, and Name.

*Bast.* It works as I cou'd wish ; I'll shew myself.

*Glost.* Ha ! *Edmund* ! welcome Boy. O *Kent*, see here  
 Inverted Nature, *Gloster's* Shame and Glory :  
 This By-born, the wild Sally of my Youth,  
 Pursues me with all filial Offices ;  
 Whilst *Edgar*, beg'd of Heaven, and born in Honour,  
 Draws Plagues on my white Head, that urge me still  
 To curse in Age the Pleasure of my Youth.  
 Nay, weep not, *Edmund*, for thy Brother's Crimes.  
 O generous Boy ! thou shar'st but half his Blood,  
 Yet lov'st beyond the Kindness of a Brother :  
 But I'll reward thy Virtue. Follow me.  
 My Lord, you wait the King, who comes resolv'd  
 To quit the Toils of Empire, and divide  
 His Realms amongst his Daughters. Heaven succeed it ;  
 But much I fear the Change.

*Kent.*



*Kent.* I grieve to see him  
With such wild Starts of Passion hourly seiz'd,  
As render Majesty between itself.

*Gloſt.* Alas ! 'tis the Infirmary of his Age :  
Yet has his Temper ever been unfixt,  
Chol'rick and sudden ; hark, they approach.

[*Exeunt Gloſt. and Baſt.*

*Flouriſh.* Enter Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Burgundy, Edgar,  
Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, Edgar *ſpeaking to Cordelia*  
*at Entrance.*

*Edgar.* Cordelia, Royal Fair, turn yet once more,  
And e'er ſucceſſful *Burgundy* receive  
The Treafure of thy Beauties from the King,  
E'er happy *Burgundy* for ever fold Thee,  
Caſt back one pitying Look on wretched *Edgar*.

*Cord.* Alas ! what wou'd the wretched *Edgar* with  
The more unfortunate *Cordelia*,  
Who in Obedience to a Father's Will  
Flies from her *Edgar's* Arms to *Burgundy's* ?

*Lear.* Attend my Lords of *Albany* and *Cornwall*,  
With Princely *Burgundy*.

*Alb.* We do, my Liege.

*Lear.* Give me this Map——Know, Lords, we have  
In Three our Kingdom, having now reſolv'd (divided  
To diſengage from our long Toil of State,  
Conferring all upon your younger Years ;  
You *Burgundy*, *Cornwall* and *Albany*,  
Long in our Court have made your amorous Sojourn,  
And now are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my Daughters,  
Which of you loves us moſt, that we may place  
Our largeſt Bounty with our largeſt Merit.

*Goneril*, our Eldeſt-born, ſpeak firſt.

*Gon.* Sir, I do love you more than Words can utter,  
Beyond what can be valu'd Rich, or Rare ;  
Nor Liberty, nor Sight, Health, Fame, or Beauty,  
Are half ſo dear ; my Life for you were vile ;  
As much as Child can love the beſt of Fathers.

*Lear.* Of all theſe Bounds, e'en from this Line to this,  
With ſhady Foreſts, and wide ſkirted Meads,  
We make thee Lady ; to thine and *Albany's* Iſſue  
Be this perpetual.—What ſays our ſecond Daughter ?

*Reg.*



*Reg.* My Sister, Sir, in Part, exprest my Love ;  
For such as hers, is mine, though more extended :  
Sense has no other Joy that I can relish,  
I have may All in my dear Liege's Love.

*Lear.* Therefore to thee and thine Hereditary  
Remain this ample Third of our fair Kingdom.

*Cord.* Now comes my Trial, how am I distrest ! [*Aside.*  
That must with cold Speech tempt the Chol'rick King  
Rather to leave me Dowerless, than condemn me  
To loath'd Embraces.

*Lear.* Speak now our last, not least in our dear Love,  
So ends my Task of State——— *Cordelia*, speak.  
What canst thou say to win a richer Third  
Than what thy Sisters gain'd ?

*Cord.* Now must my Love in Words, fall short of theirs,  
As much as it exceeds in Truth——— Nothing, my Lord.

*Lear.* Nothing can come of Nothing, speak again.

*Cord.* Unhappy am I that I cannot dissemble :  
Sir, as I ought, I love your Majesty,  
No more, nor less.

*Lear.* Take heed, *Cordelia* ;  
Thy Fortunes are at stake, think better on't,  
And mend thy Speech a little.

*Cord.* O my Liege !  
You gave me Being, bred me, dearly love me,  
And I return my Duty as I ought ;  
Obey you, love you, and most honour you ;  
Why have my Sisters Husbands, if they love you All ;  
Haply when I shall wed, the Lord whose Hand  
Shall take my Plight, will carry half my Love ;  
For I shall never marry like my Sisters,  
To love my Father all.

*Lear.* And goes thy Heart with this ?  
'Tis said that I am Chol'rick. Judge me Gods,  
Is there not Cause ? Now, Minion, I perceive  
The Truth of what has been suggested to us ;  
Thy Fondness for the Rebel Son of *Gloster*,  
False to his Father, as thou art to my Hopes :  
And oh ! take heed, rash Girl, lest we comply  
With thy fond Wishes, which thou wilt too late  
Repent ; for know our Nature cannot brook  
A Child so young, and so ungentile.

*Cord.*



*Cord.* So young my Lord, and true.

*Lear.* Thy Truth then be thy Dow'r;  
For by the sacred Sun, and solemn Night,  
I here disclaim all my paternal Care,  
And from this Minute hold thee as a Stranger  
Both to my Blood and Favour.

*Kent.* This is Frenzy.  
Consider, good my Liege.—

*Lear.* Peace, *Kent*;  
Come not between a Dragon and his Rage;  
I lov'd her most, and in her tender Trust  
Design'd to have bestow'd my Age at Ease:  
So be my Grave my Peace, as here I give  
My Heart from her, and with it all my Wealth.  
My Lords of *Cornwall* and of *Albany*,  
I do invest you jointly with full Right  
In this fair Third, *Cordelia's* forfeit Dow'r.  
Mark me my Lords, observe our last Resolve;  
Our Self, attended with an hundred Knights,  
Will make Abode with you in monthly Course;  
The Name alone of King remain with me,  
Your's be th' Execution and Revenues.  
This is our final Will; and to confirm it,  
This Coronet part between you.

*Kent.* Royal *Lear*,  
Whom I have ever honour'd as my King,  
Lov'd as my Father, as my Master follow'd,  
And as my Patron, thought on in my Prayers—

*Lear.* Away, the Bow is bent, make from the Shaft.

*Kent.* No, let it fall, and drench within my Heart;  
Be *Kent* unmannerly when *Lear* is mad;  
Thy youngest Daughter.—

*Lear.* On thy Life no more.

*Kent.* What wilt thou do, old Man?

*Lear.* Out of my Sight.

*Kent.* See better first.

*Lear.* Now by the Gods—

*Kent.* Now by the Gods, rash King, thou swear'st in

*Lear.* Ha, Traitor! [vain.

*Kent.* Do, kill thy Physician, *Lear*;  
Strike thro' my Throat, yet with my latest Breath



12 THE HISTORY of  
I'll thunder in thine Ear my just Complaint,  
And tell Thee to thy Face that thou dost ill.

*Lear.* Hear me, rash Man; on thy Allegiance hear me.  
Since thou hast striven to make Us break our Vow,  
And prest between our Sentence and our Pow'r,  
Which nor our Nature, nor our Place can bear,  
We banish thee for ever from our Sight  
And Kingdom: If when three Days are expired,  
Thy hated Trunk be found in our Dominions,  
That Moment is thy Death. Away.

*Kent.* Why fare thee well, King; since thou art resolv'd,  
I take thee at thy Word, and will not stay  
To see thy Fall: The Gods protect the Maid  
That truly thinks, and has most justly said.  
Thus to new Climates my old Truth I bear;  
Friendship lives hence, and Banishment is here. [Exit.

*Lear.* Now, *Burgundy*, you see her Price is fallen;  
Yet if the Fondness of your Passion still  
Affects her as she stands, Dow'rless, and lost  
In our Esteem, she's your's; take her, or leave her.

*Burgundy.* Pardon me, Royal *Lear*, I but demand  
The Dow'r yourself propos'd, and here I take  
*Cordelia* by the Hand, Duchess of *Burgundy*.

*Lear.* Then leave her, Sir; for by a Father's Rage  
I tell you all her Wealth. Away.

*Burg.* Then, Sir, be pleas'd to charge the Breach  
Of our Alliance on your own Will,  
Not my Inconstancy.

[Exeunt. Manent *Edgar* and *Cordelia*.

*Edg.* Has Heav'n then weigh'd the Merit of my Love,  
Or is't the Raving of my sickly Thought?  
Cou'd *Burgundy* forego so rich a Prize,  
And leave her to despairing *Edgar's* Arms?  
Have I thy Hand, *Cordelia*? Do I clasp it?  
The Hand that was this Minute to have join'd  
My hated Rival's? Do I kneel before thee,  
And offer at thy Feet my panting Heart?  
Smile, Princess, and convince me; for as yet  
I doubt, and dare not trust the dazzling Joy.

*Cord.* Some Comfort yet, that 'twas no vicious Blot  
That has depriv'd me of a Father's Grace,

But



But merely Want of that which makes me rich  
In wanting it ; a smooth professing Tongue :  
O Sisters ! I am loath to call your Fault  
As it deserves ; but use our Father well,  
And wrong'd *Cordelia* never shall repine.

*Edg.* O heav'nly Maid ! that art thyself thy Dow'r,  
Richer in Virtue than the Stars in Light ;  
If *Edgar's* humble Fortunes may be grac'd  
With thy Acceptance, at thy Feet he lays 'em.  
Ha, my *Cordelia* ! dost thou turn away ?  
What have I done t' offend thee ?

*Cord.* Talk't of Love.

*Edg.* Then I've offended oft ; *Cordelia* too  
Has oft permitted me so to offend.

*Cord.* When, *Edgar*, I permitted your Addresses,  
I was the darling Daughter of a King,  
Nor can I now forget my Royal Birth,  
And live dependant on my Lover's Fortune ;  
I cannot to so low a Fate submit ;  
And therefore study to forget your Passion,  
And trouble me upon this Theme no more.

*Edg.* Thus Majesty takes most State in Distress !  
How are we tost on Fortune's fickle Flood !  
The Wave that with surprising Kindness brought  
The dear Wreck to my Arms, has snatch't it back,  
And left me mourning on the barren Shore.

*Cord.* This Baseness of th' ignoble *Burgundy*, [*Aside.*  
Draws just Suspicion on the Race of Men ;  
His Love was Int'rest, so may *Edgar's* be,  
And he but with more Compliment dissemble ;  
If so, I shall oblige him by denying :  
But if his Love be fixt, such constant Flame  
As warms our Breasts, if such I find his Passion,  
My Heart as grateful to his Truth shall be,  
And could *Cordelia* prove as kind as He. [*Exit.*

*Enter Bastard hastily.*

*Bast.* Brother, I've found you in a lucky Minute ;  
Fly and be safe, some Villain has incens'd  
Our Father against your Life.

*Edg.* Distrest *Cordelia* ! but ho ! more cruel.

*Bast.* Hear me, Sir, your Life, your Life's in danger.

B

*Edg.*



*Edg.* A Resolve so sudden,  
And of such black Importance !

*Bast.* 'Twas not sudden,  
Some Villain has of long time laid a Train.

*Edg.* And yet perhaps 'twas but pretended Coldness,  
To try how far my Passion would pursue.

*Bast.* He hears me not ! 'wake, 'wake, Sir.

*Edg.* Say ye, Brother ?———  
No Tears, good *Edmund*, if th' hast brought me Tidings  
To strike me dead, for Charity delay not ;  
That Present will besit so kind a Hand.

*Bast.* Your Danger, Sir, comes on so fast,  
That I want Time t' inform you ; but retire  
Whilst I take care to turn the pressing Stream.  
O Gods ! For Heaven's Sake, Sir.

*Edg.* Pardon me, Sir, a serious Thought  
Had seiz'd me ; but I think you talk'd of Danger,  
And wish'd me to retire : Must all our Vows  
End thus !—Friend, I obey you.—O *Cordelia*. [Exit.

*Bast.* Ha ! ha ! fond Man, such credulous Honesty  
Lessens the Glory of my Artifice ;  
His Nature is so far from doing Wrongs,  
That he suspects none : If this Letter speed,  
And pass for *Edgar's*, as himself would own  
The Counterfeit, but for the soul Contents,  
Then my Designs are perfect.—Here comes *Gloster*.

*Enter Gloster.*

*Gloft.* Stay, *Edmund*, turn ; what Paper were you

*Bast.* A Trifle, Sir. [reading ?

*Gloft.* What needed then that terrible Dispatch of it  
Into your Pocket ? Come, produce it, Sir.

*Bast.* A Letter from my Brother, Sir ; I had  
Just broke the Seal, but knew not the Contents ;  
Yet, fearing they might prove to blame,  
Endeavour'd to conceal it from your Sight.

*Gloft.* 'Tis *Edgar's* Character. [Reads.

*This Policy of Fathers is intolerable, that keeps our For-*  
*tunes from us 'till Age will not suffer us to enjoy*  
*them ; I am weary of the Tyranny : Come to me,*  
*that of this I may speak more. If our Father would*  
*sleep 'till I waked him, you should enjoy half his Pos-*  
*session, and live belov'd of your Brother* *Edgar.*  
*Sleep*



Sleep till I wake'd him ! you should enjoy  
Half his Possessions !—*Edgar* to write this  
'Gainst his indulgent Father ! Death and Hell !  
Fly, *Edmund*, seek him out ; wind me into him,  
That I may bite the Traytor's Heart, and fold  
His bleeding Entrails on my vengeful Arm.

*Bast.* Perhaps 'twas writ, my Lord, to prove my Virtue.

*Gloster.* These late Eclipses of the Sun and Moon  
Can bode no less ; Love cools, and Friendship fails,  
In Cities Mutiny, in Countries Discord,  
The Bond of Nature crackt 'twixt Son and Father :  
Find out the Villain ; do it carefully,  
And it shall lose thee Nothing. [Exit.

*Bast.* So now my Project's firm ; but to make sure  
I'll throw in one Proof more, and that a bold one ;  
I'll place old *Gloster* where he shall o'er-hear us  
Confer of this Design ; whilst, to his thinking,  
Deluded *Edgar* shall accuse himself.

Be Honesty my Int'rest, and I can  
Be honest too : And what Saint so Divine,  
That will successful Villainy decline ? [Exit.

*Enter Kent disguis'd.*

*Kent.* Now banish'd *Kent*, if thou canst pay thy Duty  
In this Disguise, where thou dost stand condemn'd,  
Thy Master *Lear* shall find thee full of Labours.

*Enter Lear attended.*

*Lear.* In there, and tell our Daughter we are here.  
Now, What art thou ?

*Kent.* A Man, Sir.

*Lear.* What dost thou profess, or would'st with us ?

*Kent.* I do profess to be no less than I seem, to serve  
him truly that puts me in Trust, to love him that's ho-  
nest, to converse with him that's wise and speaks little, to  
fight when I can't chuse, and to eat no Fish.

*Lear.* I say, what art thou ?

*Kent.* A very honest-hearted Fellow, and as poor as the  
King.

*Lear.* Then art thou poor indeed.—What canst thou  
do ?

*Kent.* I can keep honest Counsel, mar a curious Tale in  
the telling, deliver a plain Message bluntly ; that which



ordinary Men are fit for, I am qualified in ; and the best of me is Diligence.

*Lear.* Follow me ; thou shalt serve me.

*Enter one of Goneril's Gentlemen.*

Now, Sir ?

*Gent.* Sir ————— [*Exit. Kent runs after him.*]

*Lear.* What says the Fellow ? Call me the Clodpole back.

*Att.* My Lord, I know not, but methinks your Highness is entertain'd with slender Ceremony.

*Servant.* He says, my Lord, your Daughter is not well.

*Lear.* Why came not the Slave back when I called him ?

*Serv.* My Lord, he answered me i'th' furliest Manner, that he would not.

*Re-enter Gentleman brought by Kent.*

*Lear.* I hope our Daughter did not so instruct him.

Now, who am I, Sir ?

*Gent.* My Lady's Father.

*Lear.* My Lord's Knave. ————— *Strikes him.*

*Goneril at the Entrance.*

*Gon.* By Day and Night ; this is insufferable, I will not bear it.

*Lear.* Now Daughter, why that Frontlet on ?  
Speak, does that Frown become our Presence ?

*Gent.* I'll not be struck, my Lord.

*Kent.* Nor tript neither, thou vile Civet-box.

*[Strikes up his Heels.]*

*Gon.* Sir, this licentious Insolence of your Servants  
Is most unseemly : hourly they break out  
In Quarrels bred ; by making this known to you,  
I thought to have had Redress, but find too late  
That you protect and countenance their Outrage ;  
And therefore, Sir, I take this Freedom, which  
Necessity makes discreet.

*Lear.* Are you our Daughter ?

*Gon.* Come, Sir, let me intreat you to make use  
Of your Discretion, and put off betimes  
This Disposition that of late transforms you  
From what you rightly are.

*Lear.* Does any here know me ? Why, this is not *Lear.*  
Does



Does *Lear* walk thus? Speak thus? Where are his Eyes?  
Who is it that can tell me who I am?

*Gon.* Come, Sir, this Admiration's much o'th' Savour  
Of other your new Humours; I beseech you  
To understand my Purposes aright;  
As you are old, you should be staid and wise:  
Here do you keep an hundred Knights and Squires,  
Men so debauch'd and bold, that this our Palace  
Shews like a riotous Inn, a Tavern, Brothel;  
Be then advis'd by her that else will take  
That which she begs, to lessen your Attendance,  
Take half away, and see that the Remainder  
Be such as may besit your Age, and know  
Themselves and You.

*Lear.* Darknes and Devils!  
Saddle my Horses, call my Train together;  
Degenerate Viper, I'll not stay with Thee!  
I yet have left a Daughter——Serpent, Monster!  
Lessen my Train, and call 'em riotous!  
All Men approv'd, of choice and rarest Parts  
That each Particular of Duty know.——  
How small, *Cordelia*, was thy Fault? O *Lear*,  
Beat at this Gate that let thy Folly in,  
And thy dear Judgment out; Go, go, my People.

*Going off, meets Albany entring.*

Ingrateful Duke, was this your Will?

*Alb.* What, Sir?

*Lear.* Death! fifty of my Followers at a Clap!

*Alb.* The Matter, Madam?

*Gon.* Never afflict yourself to know the Cause,  
But give his Dotage Way.

*Lear.* Blasts upon thee.

Th' untented Woundings of a Father's Curse  
Pierce every Sense about thee; old fond Eyes,  
Lament this Cause again, I'll pluck ye out,  
And cast ye with the Waters that ye lose  
To temper Clay.——No, *Gorgon*, thou shalt find  
That I'll resume the Shape which thou dost think  
I have cast off for ever.

*Gon.* Mark ye that.

*Lear.* Hear Nature!



Dear Goddess hear ; and if thou dost intend  
 To make that Creature fruitful, change thy Purpose ;  
 Pronounce upon her Womb the barren Curse,  
 That from her blasted Body never spring  
 A Babe to honour her ;—But if she must bring forth,  
 Defeat her Joy with some distorted Birth,  
 Or monstrous Form, the Prodigy o' th' Time ;  
 And so perverse of Spirit, that it may live  
 Her Torment as 'twas born, to fret her Cheeks  
 With constant Tears, and wrinkle her young Brow.  
 Turn all her Mother's Pains to Shame and Scorn,  
 That she may curse her Crime too late, and feel  
 How sharper than a Serpent's Tooth it is  
 To have a thankless Child : Away, away. [*Exit cum suis.*]

*Gon.* Presuming thus upon his numerous Train,  
 He thinks to play the Tyrant here, and hold  
 Our Lives at Will.

*Alb.* Well, you may bear too far.

[*Exit.*]

*End of the First Act.*



## ACT II.

SCENE *Gloster's House.*

*Enter Bastard.*

*Bast*  HE Duke comes here to Night, I'll  
 take the Advantage  
 Of his Arrival to complete my Project:  
 Brother, a Word, come forth ; 'tis  
 I your Friend, [*Enter Edgar.*  
 My Father watches for you, fly this  
 Intelligence is giv'n where you're hid ; [*Place.*  
 Take the Advantage of the Night ; bethink ye,

Have



Have you not spoke against the Duke of *Cornwal*  
 Something might shew you a Favourer of  
 Duke *Albany's* Party?

*Edg.* Nothing; why ask you?

*Bast.* Because he's coming here To-night in haste,  
 And *Regan* with him—Hark! the Guards; away.

*Edg.* Let 'em come on, I'll stay and clear myself.

*Bast.* Your Innocence at Leisure may be heard,  
 But *Gloster's* storming Rage as yet is deaf,  
 And you may perish e'er allow'd the Hearing. [*Ex. Edgar.*  
*Gloster* comes yonder: Now to my feign'd Scuffle—  
 Yield, come before my Father! Lights here, Lights!  
 Some Blood drawn on me wou'd beget Opinion. [*Stabs*  
 Of our more fierce Encounter.—I have seen [*his Arms.*  
 Drunkards do more than this in Sport.

*Enter Gloster and Servants.*

*Gloster.* Now, *Edmund*, where's the Traitor?

*Bast.* That Name, Sir,  
 Strikes Horror through me; but my Brother, Sir,  
 Stood here i'th' dark.

*Gloster.* Thou bleed'st! pursue the Villain,  
 And bring him Piece-meal to me.

*Bast.* Sir, he's fled.

*Gloster.* Let him fly far, this Kingdom shall not hide him:  
 The noble Duke my Patron comes To-night;  
 By his Authority I will proclaim  
 Rewards for him that brings him to the Stage,  
 And Death for the Concealer.  
 Then of my Lands, loyal and natural Boy,  
 I'll work the Means to make thee capable. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Kent (disguised still) and Goneril's Gentleman,*  
*severally.*

*Gent.* Good morrow, Friend, belong'st thou to this

*Kent.* Ask them will answer thee. [*House?*

*Gent.* Where may we set our Horses?

*Kent.* I'th' Mire.

*Gent.* I am in haste, prithee an' thou lov'st me, tell me.

*Kent.* I love thee not.

*Gent.* Why then I care not for thee.

*Kent.* An' I had thee in *Lipsbury* Pinfold, I'd make thee  
 care for me,

*Gent.*



*Gent.* What dost thou mean ? I know thee not.

*Kent.* But, Minion, I know thee.

*Gent.* What dost thou know me for ?

*Kent.* For a base, proud, beggarly, white-liver'd, glass-glaring, super-serviceable, finical Rogue ; one that wou'd be a Pimp in Way of good Service, and art nothing but a Composition of Knave, Beggar, Coward, Pandar——

*Gent.* What a monstrous Fellow art thou to rail at One that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee.

*Kent.* Impudent Slave ! not know me, who but two Days since tript up thy Heels before the King : Draw, Miscreant, or I'll make the Moon shine through thee.

*Gent.* What means the Fellow ? Why, prithee, prithee ; I tell thee I have nothing to do with thee.

*Kent.* I know your Rogueship's Office ; you come with Letters against the King, taking my young Lady *Vanity's* Part against her Royal Father : Draw, Rascal.

*Gent.* Murder, Murder, help. [*Exit Kent after him.*  
*Flourish.* Enter Duke of Cornwall, Regan, attended ;  
Gloster, Bastard.

*Gloster.* All Welcome to your Graces, you do me Honour.

*Duke.* *Gloster*, We've heard with Sorrow that your Life Has been attempted by your impious Son ; But *Edmund* here has paid you strictest Duty.

*Gloster.* He did betray his Practice, and receiv'd The Hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

*Duke.* Is he pursued ?

*Gloster.* He is, my Lord.

*Regan.* Use our Authority to apprehend The Traitor, and do Justice on his Head ; For you, *Edmund*, that have so signaliz'd Your Virtue, you from henceforth shall be ours ; Natures of such firm Trust we much shall need. A charming Youth, and worth my farther Thought. [*Aside.*

*Duke.* Lay Comforts, noble *Gloster*, to your Breast, As we to ours. This Night be spent in Revels. We chuse you, *Gloster*, for our Host To-night, A troublesome Expression of our Love. On, to the Sports before us.—Who are these ?

*Enter*



*Enter the Gentleman, pursued by Kent.*

*Gloſt.* Now, what's the Matter ?

*Duke.* Keep Peace upon your Lives ; he dies that  
Whence, and what are ye ? [ſtrikes.

*Alt.* Sir, they are Meſſengers, the one from your Siſter,  
the other from the King.

*Duke.* Your Difference, ſpeak.

*Gent.* I'm ſcarce in Breath, my Lord.

*Kent.* No Marvel, you have ſo beſtir'd your Valour.  
Nature diſclaims the Daſtard ; a Taylor made him.

*Duke.* Speak yet, how grew your Quarrel ?

*Gent.* Sir, this old Ruſſian here, whoſe Life I ſpared,  
In Pity to his Beard ———

*Kent.* Thou Eſſence Bottle !  
In Pity to my Beard ——— Your Leave, my Lord,  
And I will tread the Muſk-cat into Mortar.

*Duke.* Know'ſt thou our Preſence ?

*Kent.* Yes, Sir, but Anger has a Privilege.

*Duke.* Why art thou angry ?

*Kent.* That ſuch a Slave as this ſhould wear a Sword,  
And have no Courage ; Office, and no Honesty :  
Not Froſt and Fire hold more Antipathy  
Than I and ſuch a Knave.

*Gloſt.* Why doſt thou call him Knave ?

*Kent.* His Countenance likes me not.

*Duke.* No more perhaps does mine, nor his, or hers.

*Kent.* Plain Dealing is my Trade ; and to be plain, Sir,  
I have ſeen better Faces in my Time,  
Than ſtand on any Shoulders now before me.

*Reg.* This is ſome Fellow, that having once been praiſ'd  
For Bluntness, ſince affects a ſaucy Rudeneſs ;  
But I have known one of theſe ſurly Knaves,  
That in his Plainneſs harbour'd more Deſign  
Than twenty cringing complimenting Minions.

*Duke.* What's the Offence you gave him ?

*Gent.* Never any, Sir ;  
It pleas'd the King, his Maſter, lately  
To ſtrike me on a ſlender Miſconſtruction,  
Whiſt watching his Advantage, this old Lurcher  
Tript me behind, for which the King extoll'd him ;  
And, flusht with the Honour of this bold Exploit,  
Drew on me here again.

*Duke.*



*Duke.* Bring forth the Stocks, we'll teach you.

*Kent* Sir, I'm too old to learn ;  
Call not the Stocks for me, I serve the King ;  
On whose Employment I was sent to you :  
You'll shew too small Respect, and too bold Malice  
Against the Person of my Royal Master,  
Stocking his Messenger.

*Duke.* Bring forth the Stocks, as I have Life and Ho-  
There shall he sit till Noon. [nour,

*Reg.* Till Noon, my Lord ! Till Night, and all Night  
too.

*Kent.* Why Madam, If I were your Father's Dog  
You would not use me so.

*Reg.* Sir, being his Knave, I will.

*Gloft.* Let me beseech your Graces to forbear him ;  
His Fault is much, and the Good King his Master  
Will check him for't, but needs must take it ill  
To be thus slighted in his Messenger.

*Duke.* We'll answer that ;  
Our Sister may receive it worse, to have  
Her Gentleman assaulted : To our Business lead. [Exit.

*Gloft.* I am sorry for thee, Friend, 'tis the Duke's Plea-  
Whose Disposition will not be controul'd ; [sure,  
But I'll entreat for thee.

*Kent.* Pray do not, Sir——  
I have watch'd and travell'd hard,  
Some Time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle :  
Farewell t'ye, Sir. [Exit Gloft.

All weary, and o'erwatcht,  
I feel the drowzy Guest steal on me ; take  
Advantage heavy Eyes on this kind Slumber,  
Not to behold this vile and shameful Lodging. [Sleeps.

*Enter Edgar.*

*Edg.* I heard myself proclaim'd,  
And by the friendly Hollow of a Tree  
Escape the Hunt, no Port is free, no Place  
Where Guards and most unusual Vigilance  
Do not attend to take me.—How easy now  
'Twere to defeat the Malice of my Trale,  
And leave the Grievs on my Sword's reeking Point ;  
But Love detains me from Death's peaceful Call,

Still



Still whispering me, *Cordelia's* in Distress;  
 Unkind as she is, I cannot see her wretched,  
 But must be near to wait upon her Fortune.  
 Who knows but the white Minute yet may come,  
 When *Edgar* may do Service to *Cordelia*.  
 That charming Hope still ties me to the Oar  
 Of painful Life, and makes me to submit  
 To th' humblest Shifts to keep that Life a-foot;  
 My Face I will besmear, and knit my Locks,  
 The Country gives me Proof and Precedent  
 Of *Bedlam* Beggars, who, with roaring Voices,  
 Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare Arms  
 Pins, Iron-spikes, Thorns, Sprigs of Rosemary,  
 And thus from Sheep-coats, Fillages, and Mills,  
 Sometimes with Prayers, sometimes with Lunatick Bans,  
 Enforce their Charity; poor *Tyrligod*, poor *Tom*,  
 That's something yet. *Edgar* I am no more. [Exit.

*Kent in the Stocks still; Enter Lear attended.*

*Lear.* 'Tis strange that they should so depart from  
 And not send back our Messenger. [Home,

*Kent.* Hail, noble Master.

*Lear.* How! mak'st thou this Shame thy Pastime?  
 What's he that has so much mistook thy Place,  
 To set thee here?

*Kent.* It is both He and She, Sir, your Son and Daughter.

*Lear.* No.

*Kent.* Yes.

*Lear.* No, I say.

*Kent.* I say, yea.

*Lear.* By *Jupiter* I swear no.

*Kent.* By *Juno* I swear, I swear ay.

*Lear.* They durst not do't;

They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than Murder,  
 To do upon Respect such violent Outrage..

Resolve me with all modest Haste, which Way  
 Thou may'st deserve, or they impose this Usage?

*Kent.* My Lord, when at their Home  
 I did commend your Highness Letters to them,  
 'Ere I was risen arriv'd another Post,  
 Steer'd in his Haste, breathless and panting forth

From



From *Goneril*, his Mistress, Salutations,  
 Whose Message being deliver'd, they took Horse,  
 Commanding me to follow, and attend  
 The Leisure of their Answer; which I did;  
 But meeting that other Messenger,  
 Whose Welcome I perceiv'd had poison'd mine,  
 Being the very Fellow that of late  
 Had shewn such Rudeness to your Highness, I  
 Having more Man than Wit about me, drew;  
 On which he rais'd the House with Coward's Cries:  
 This was the Trespass which your Son and Daughter  
 Thought worth the Shame you see it suffer here.

*Lear*. Oh! how this Spleen swells upward to my Heart,  
 And heaves for Passage—Down, climbing Rage;  
 'Thy Element's below; where is this Daughter?

*Kent*. Within, Sir, at a Masque.

*Enter Gloster*.

*Lear*. Now *Gloster*!——Ha!  
 Deny to speak with me; th'are sick, th'are weary,  
 They have travell'd hard To-night;—mere Fetches;  
 Bring me a better Answer.

*Gloster*. My dear Lord,  
 You know the fiery Quality of the Duke——

*Lear*. Vengeance, Death, Plague, Confusion,  
 Fiery! what Quality—Why *Gloster*, *Gloster*,  
 I'd speak with the Duke of *Cornwal*, and his Wife.

*Gloster*. I have inform'd 'em so.

*Lear*. Inform'd 'em! dost thou understand me, Man?  
 I tell thee, *Gloster*,——

*Gloster*. Ay, my good Lord.

*Lear*. The King would speak with *Cornwal*, the dear Fa-  
 Would with his Daughter speak, commands her Service.  
 Are they inform'd of this? My Breath and Blood!  
 Fiery! the fiery Duke! tell the hot Duke——  
 No, but not yet, may be he is not well,  
 Infirmary does still neglect all Office;  
 I beg his Pardon, and I'll chide my Rashness  
 That took the indispos'd and sickly Fit  
 For the sound Man:—But wherefore sits he there?  
 Death on my State, this Act convinces me  
 That this Retiredness of the Duke and her



Is plain Contempt ; give me my Servant forth ;  
Go tell the Duke and his Wife I'd speak with 'em :  
Now instantly bid 'em come forth and hear me ;  
Or at their Chamber Door I'll beat the Drum,  
'Till it cry sleep to Death.—

*Enter Cornwall and Regan.*

Oh ! are you come ?

*Duke.* Health to the King.

*Reg.* I am glad to see your Highness.

*Lear.* *Regan*, I think you are : I know what Cause  
I have to think so. Shou'd'st thou not be glad  
I wou'd divorce me from thy Mother's Tomb ?  
Beloved *Regan*, thou wilt shake to hear  
What I shall utter : Thou cou'd'st n'er h' thought it.  
Thy Sister's naught : O *Regan*, she has ty'd

*Kent here set at liberty.*

Ingratitude like a keen Vulture here ;  
I scarce can speak to thee.

*Reg.* I pray you, Sir, take Patience ; I have Hope  
That you know less to value her Desert,  
Than she to slack her Duty.

*Lear.* Ha ! How's that ?

*Reg.* I cannot think my Sister in the least  
Would fail in her Respects ; but if perchance  
She has restrain'd the Riots of your Followers,  
'Tis on such Grounds, and to such wholesome Ends,  
As clear her from all Blame.

*Lear.* My Curfes on her.

*Reg.* O Sir, you 're old,  
And shou'd content you to be rul'd and led  
By some Discretion that discerns your State  
Better than yourself ; therefore, Sir,  
Return to our Sister, and say you've wrong'd her.

*Lear.* Ha ! Ask her Forgiveness ?

No, no, 'twas my Mistake, thou didst not mean so ;  
Dear Daughter, I confess that I am old :  
Age is unnecessary ; but thou art good,  
And wilt dispense with my Infirmary.

*Reg.* Good Sir, no more of these unfightly Passions ;  
Return back to our Sister.



*Lear.* Never, *Regan* ;  
 She has abated me of half my Train,  
 Look'd black upon me, stab'd me with her Tongue :  
 All the stored Vengeances of Heav'n fall  
 On her ungrateful Head ; strike her young Bones,  
 Ye taking Airs with Lameness.

*Reg.* O the blest Gods ! Thus will you wish on me,  
 When the rash Mood —

*Lear.* No, *Regan*, Thou shalt never have my Curse ;  
 Thy tender Nature cannot give thee o'er  
 To such Impiety : Thou better know'st  
 The Offices of Nature, Bond of Childhood,  
 And Dues of Gratitude ; thou bear'st in Mind  
 The Half o'th' Kingdom, which our Love confer'd  
 On thee and thine.

*Reg.* Good Sir, to the Purpose.

*Lear.* Who put my Man i'th' Stocks ?

*Duke.* What Trumpet's that ?

*Reg.* I know't, my Sister's ; this confirms her Letters.  
 Sir, is your Lady come ?

*Enter Goneril's Gentleman.*

*Lear.* More Torture still :  
 This is a Slave, whose easy borrow'd Pride  
 Dwells in the fickle Grace of her he follows ;  
 A Fashion-Fop, that spends the Day in Dressing,  
 And all to bear his Lady's flattering Message ;  
 That can deliver with a Grace her Lye,  
 And with as bold a Face bring back a greater.  
 Out, Varlet, from my Sight.

*Duke.* What means your Grace ?

*Lear.* Who stock'd my Servant ? *Regan*, I have Hope  
 Thou didst not know it.

*Enter Goneril.*

Who comes here ? Oh Heav'ns !  
 If you do love old Men ; if you, sweet Sir,  
 Allow Obedience ; if yourselves are old,  
 Make it your Case, send down and take my Part !  
 Why, *Gorgon*, dost thou come to hunt me here ?  
 Art not sham'd to look upon this Beard ?  
 Darkness upon my Eyes, they play me false ;  
 O *Regan*, wilt thou take her by the Hand ?

*Gon.*



*Gon.* Why not by th' Hand, Sir? How have I offended?  
All's not Offence that Indiscretion finds,  
And Dotage terms so.

*Lear.* Heart, thou art too tough.

*Regan.* I pray you, Sir, being old, confess you are so,  
If till the Expiration of your Month,  
You will return and sojourn with our Sister,  
Dismissing half your Train, come then to me;  
I am now from Home, and out of that Provision  
That shall be needful for your Entertainment.

*Lear.* Return with her, and fifty Knights dismiss'd;  
No, rather I'll forswear all Roofs, and chuse  
To be Companion to the Midnight Wolf,  
My naked Head expos'd to th' merc'less Air,  
Than have my smallest Wants supply'd by her.

*Gon.* At your Choice, Sir.

*Lear.* Now, I prithee, Daughter, do not make me mad!  
I will not trouble thee, my Child, farewell.  
We'll meet no more, no more see one another;  
Let Shame come when it will, I do not call it,  
I do not bid the Thunder-bearer strike,  
Nor tell Tales of thee to avenging Heav'n;  
Mend when thou canst, be better at thy Leisure;  
I can be patient, I can stay with *Regan*.  
I, and my hundred Knights.

*Regan.* Your Pardon, Sir;  
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided  
For your fit Welcome.

*Lear.* Is this well spoken now?

*Reg.* My Sister treats you fair; what! fifty Followers?  
Is it not well? what should you need of more?

*Gon.* Why might not you, my Lord, receive Attendance  
From those whom she calls Servants, or from mine?

*Reg.* Why not, my Lord? If then they chance to slack  
We cou'd controul 'em.—If you come to me, [you,  
For now I see the Danger, I intreat you  
To bring but Five and twenty; to no more  
Will I give Place.

*Lear.* Hold now, my Temper; stand this Bolt unmov'd,  
And I am Thunder-Proof;  
The wicked, when compar'd with the more wicked,



Seem beautiful ; and not to be the worst,  
 Stands in some Rank of Praise. Now, *Goneril*,  
 Thou art innocent agen, I'll go with thee ;  
 Thy fifty yet does double Five and Twenty,  
 And thou art twice her Love.

*Gon.* Hear me, my Lord.

What need you Five and Twenty, Ten, or Five,  
 To follow in a House, where twice so many  
 Have a Command t'attend you ?

*Reg.* What need one ?

*Lear.* Blood ! Fire ! here — Leprosies and bluest  
 Room, room for Hell to belch her Horrors up, [Plagues !  
 And drench the *Circes* in a Stream of Fire ;  
 Hark, how th' Infernals eccho to my Rage  
 Their Whips and Snakes. —

*Reg.* How leud a Thing is Passion !

*Gon.* So old and stomachful.

*Lightning and Thunder.*

*Lear.* Heav'ns drop your Patience down ;  
 You see me here, ye Gods, a poor old Man,  
 As full of Grief as Age, wretched in both —  
 I'll bear no more. No, you unnatural Hags,  
 I will have such Revenges on you both,  
 That all the World shall — I will do such Things,  
 What they are yet I know not, but they shall be  
 The Terrors of the Earth ; you think I'll weep, [*Thunder*  
 This Heart shall break into a thousand Pieces [*again.*  
 Before I'll weep — O Gods ! I shall go mad. [*Exit.*

*Duke.* 'Tis a wild Night, come out o'th' Storm. [*Ex.*

*The End of the Second Act.*







## A C T III.

## SCENE A Desert Heath.

*Enter Lear and Kent in the Storm.*

*Lear.*



LOW Winds, and burst your Cheeks,  
rage louder yet,  
Fantastick Lightning, finge, finge my  
white Head;  
Spout Cataracts, and Hurricanoes fall,  
Till you have drown'd the Towns  
and Palaces

Of proud ingrateful Man.

*Kent.* Not all my best Intreatises can persuade him  
Into some needful Shelter, or to 'bide  
This poor slight Cov'ring on his aged Head,  
Expos'd to this wild War of Earth and Heav'n.

*Lear.* Rumble thy fill, fight Whirlwind, Rain and Fire;  
Not Fire, Wind, Rain, or Thunder are my Daughters:  
I tax not you, ye Elements, with Unkindness;  
I never gave you Kingdoms, call'd you Children;  
You owe me no Obedience, then let fall  
Your horrible Pleasure; here I stand your Slave,  
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old Man;  
Yet will I call you servile Ministers,  
That have with two pernicious Daughters join'd  
Their high engender'd Battle against a Head  
So old and white as mine; Oh! oh! 'tis foul.

*Kent.* Hard by, Sir, is a Hovel, that will lend  
Some shelter from this Tempest.

*Lear.* I will forget my Nature, what! so kind a Fa-  
Ay, there's the Point. [ther!]

*Kent.* Consider, good my Liege. Things that love  
Night,



Love not such Nights as this ; these wrathful Skies  
 Frighten the very Wanderers o' th' Dark,  
 And make 'em keep their Caves ; such drenching Rain,  
 Such Sheets of Fire, such Claps of horrid Thunder,  
 Such Groans of roaring Winds, have ne'er been known.

*Lear.* Let the great Gods,  
 That keep the dreadful Pudder o'er our Heads,  
 Find out their Enemies now. Tremble, thou Wretch,  
 That hast within thee undiscover'd Crimes !

Hide that bloody Hand, ———  
 Thou perjur'd Villain, holy Hypocrite,  
 That drink'st the Widow's Tears ; sigh now, and cry  
 These dreadful Summoners Grace, I am a Man  
 More sin'd against, than finning.

*Kent.* Good Sir, to th' Hovel.

*Lear.* My Wit begins to burn,  
 Come on my Boy, how dost my Boy ? Art cold ?  
 I'm cold myself ; shew this Straw, my Fellow ;  
 The Art of our Necessity is strange,  
 And can make vile Things precious ; my poor Knave,  
 Cold as I am at Heart, I've one Place there [ *Louder Storm.*  
 That's sorry yet for thee. [ *Exit.*

*Gloster's Palace. Enter Bastard.*

*Bast.* The Storm is in our louder Rev'lings drown'd.  
 Thus wou'd I reign, cou'd I but mount a Throne.  
 The Riots of these proud imperial Sisters  
 Already have impos'd the galling Yoke  
 Of Taxes, and hard Impositions, on  
 The drudging Peasants Necks, who bel'ow out  
 Their loud Complaints in vain—Triumphant Queens !  
 With what Assurance do they treat the Crowd ?  
 Oh ! for a Taste of such Majestick Beauty,  
 Which none but my hot Veins are fit t'engage ;  
 Nor are my Wishes desp'rate, for even now,  
 During the Banquet, I observ'd their Glances  
 Shot thick at me ; and, as they left the Room,  
 Each cast, by Stealth, a kind inviting Smile,  
 The happy Earnest ——— ha !

*Two Servants, from several Entrances, deliver him each  
 a Letter, and Ex.*

Where Merit is so transparent, not to behold it [ *Reads.*  
 Were



Were Blindness, and not to reward it Ingratitude.

*Goneril.*

Enough ! Blind and ungrateful should I be  
Not to obey the Summons of this Oracle.

Now for a second Letter.

[*Opens the other.*

If Modesty be not your Enemy, doubt not to [Reads.

Find me your Friend.

*Regan.*

Excellent *Sybil* ! O my glowing Blood !

I am already sick of Expectation,

And pant for the Possession. ——— Here *Gloster* comes

With Business on his Brow ; be hush'd my Joys.

*Gloster*. I come to seek thee, *Edmund*, to impart a Business of Importance ; I know thy loyal Heart is touch'd to see the Cruelty of these ungrateful Daughters against our Royal Master.

*Bast*. Most savage and unnatural.

*Gloster*. This Change in the State sits uneasy. The Commons repine aloud at their female Tyrants ; already they cry out for the Re-instalment of their good old King, whose Injuries, I fear, will enflame 'em into Mutiny.

*Bast*. 'Tis to be hop'd, not fear'd.

*Gloster*. Thou hast it, Boy, 'tis to be hop'd indeed ;

On me they cast their Eyes, and hourly court me

To lead 'em on ; and whilst this Head is mine,

I'm theirs. A little covert Craft, my Boy,

And then for open Action ; 'twill be Employment

Worthy such honest daring Souls as thine.

Thou, *Edmund*, art my trusty Emissary.

Haste on the Spur, at the first Break of Day [Gives him

With these Dispatches to the Duke of *Cambray* ; Letters.

You know what mortal Feuds have always flam'd

Between this Duke of *Cornwal*'s Family, and his ;

Full Twenty Thousand Mountaineers

Th' inveterate Prince will send to our Assistance.

Dispatch ; commend us to his Grace, and prosper.

*Bast*. Yes, credulous old Man,

I will commend you to his Grace,

His Grace the Duke of *Cornwal*——instantly,

To shew him these Contents in thy own Character,

And



And seal'd with thy own Signet ; then forthwith  
The chol'rick Duke gives Sentence on thy Life ;  
And to my Hand thy vast Revenues,  
To glut my Pleasure that 'till now has starv'd.

*Gloster going off is met by Cordelia ent'ring, Bastard  
observing at a Distance.*

*Cord.* Turn, *Gloster*, turn, by the sacred Pow'rs  
I do conjure you give my Griefs a Hearing ;  
You must, you shall, nay, I am sure you will,  
For you were always styl'd the Just and Good.

*Gloft.* What wou'dst thou, Princess ? rise, and speak thy

*Cord.* Nay, you shall promise to redress 'em too, [Griefs.  
Or here I'll kneel for ever ; I entreat  
Thy Succour for a Father, and a King,  
An injur'd Father, and an injur'd King.

*Bast.* O charming Sorrow ! How her Tears adorn her,  
Like Dew on Flow'rs ; but she is virtuous,  
And I must quench this hopeless Fire i'th' kindling.

*Gloft.* Consider, Princess,  
For whom thou beg'st, 'tis for the King that wrong'd thee.

*Cord.* O name not that ; he did not, cou'd not wrong me.  
Nay, muse not, *Gloster*, for it is too likely  
This injur'd King, e'er this, is past your Aid,  
And gone distracted with his savage Wrongs.

*Bast.* I'll gaze no more,—and yet my Eyes are charm'd.

*Cord.* Or, what if it be worse ;  
As 'tis too probable, this furious Night  
Has pierc'd his tender Body ; the bleak Winds  
And cold Rain chill'd, or Lightning struck him dead ;  
If it be so, your Promise is discharg'd,  
And I have only one poor Boon to beg,  
That you'd convey me to his breathless Trunk,  
With my torn Robes to wrap his hoary Head,  
With my torn Hair to bind his Hands and Feet,  
Then with a Show'r of Tears  
To wash his Clay-smear'd Cheeks, and die beside him.

*Gloft.* Rise, fair *Cordelia*, thou hast Piety  
Enough t'atone for both thy Sister's Crimes ;  
I have already plotted to restore  
My injur'd Master, and thy Virtue tells me  
We shall succeed, and suddenly.

[Exit.  
*Cord.*



*Cord.* Dispatch, *Arante*,  
Provide me a Disguise ; we'll instantly  
Go seek the King, and bring him some Relief.

*Ar.* How, Madam ! Are you ignorant  
Of what your impious Sisters have decreed ?  
Immediate Death for any that relieve him.

*Cord.* I cannot dread the Furies in this Case.

*Ar.* In such a Night as this ? Consider, Madam,  
For many Miles about there's scarce a Bush  
To shelter in.

*Cord.* Therefore no Shelter for the King,  
And more our Charity to find him out :  
What have not Women dar'd for vicious Love ?  
And we'll be shining Proofs that they can dare  
For Piety as much. Blow Winds, and Lightnings fall,  
Bold in my Virgin Innocence I'll fly,  
My Royal Father to relieve or die. [Exit.

*Bast.* Provide me a Disguise, we'll instantly  
Go seek the King ;—ha ! ha ! A lucky Change,  
That Virtue which I fear'd would be my Hind'rance,  
Has prov'd the Bond to my Design ;  
I'll bribe two Ruffians shall at Distance follow,  
And seize 'em in some desert Place ; and there  
Whilst one retains her, t'other shall return  
T'inform me where she's lodg'd ; I'll be disguis'd too :  
Whilst they are poching for me, I'll to the Duke  
With these Dispatches, then to the Field,  
Where, like the vig'rous *Jove*, I will enjoy  
This *Semele* in a Storm ; 'twill deaf her Cries,  
Like Drums in Battle ; lest her Groans should pierce  
My pitying Ear, and make the am'rous Fight less fierce. [Exit.

*Storm still. The Field Scene. Enter Lear and Kent.*

*Kent.* Here is the Place, my Lord ; good my Lord, enter ;  
The Tyranny of this open Night's too rough  
For Nature to endure.

*Lear.* Let me alone.

*Kent.* Good my Lord, enter.

*Lear.* Wilt break my Heart ?

*Kent.* Beseech you, Sir.

*Lear.*



*Lear.* Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious  
 Invades us to the Skin ; so 'tis to thee ; [Storm  
 But where the greater Malady is fixt,  
 The lesser is scarce felt : The Tempest in my Mind  
 Does from my Senses take all Feeling else,  
 Save what beats there. Filial Ingratitude !  
 Is it not as this Mouth should tear this Hand  
 For lifting Food to't ?—But I'll punish—Home !  
 No, I will no more ; in such a Night  
 To shut me out——Pour on, I will endure——  
 In such a Night as this : O *Regan, Goneril* !  
 Your old kind Father, whose frank Heart gave all ;  
 O that Way Madness lies ; let me shun that ;  
 No more of that.

*Kent.* See, my Lord, here's the Entrance.

*Lear.* Well, I'll go in  
 And pass it all ; I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.  
 Poor naked Wretches, wheresoe'er you are,  
 That 'bide the pelting of this pitiless Storm,  
 How shall your houseless Heads and unfed Sides  
 Sustain this Shock ? Your Raggedness defend you  
 From Seasons such as these.  
 Oh ! I have ta'en too little Care of this !  
 Take Physick, Pomp,  
 Expose thyself to feel what Wretches feel,  
 That thou may'st cast the Superflux to them,  
 And shew the Heav'ns more just.

*Edgar in the Hovel.*

Five Fathom and a half, poor *Tom*.

*Kent.* What art thou that dost grumble there i'th' Straw ?  
 Come forth.

*Edgar.* Away ! The foul Fiend follows me—Through  
 the sharp Haw-thorn blows the cold Wind——Mum,  
 go to the Bed and warm thee——Ha ! What do I see ?  
 By all my Grievs the poor old King bareheaded,  
 And drench'd in this fowl Storm ! Professing *Syren*,  
 Are all your Protestations come to this ?

*Lear.* Tell me, Fellow, didst thou give all to thy  
 [ Daughters ?

*Edgar.* Who gives any Thing to poor *Tom*, whom the  
 foul Fiend has led through Fire, and through Flame, through  
 Bushes,



Bushes, and Bogs ; that has laid Knives under his Pillow, and Halts in his Pew ; that has made him proud of Heart to ride on a bay trotting Horse, over four inched Bridges, to course his own Shadow for a Traitor. — Bless thy five Wits. *Tom's* a cold [*Shivers.*] Bless thee from Whirlwinds, Star-blasting and taking ; do poor *Tom* some Charity, whom the foul Fiend vexes. — Sa, fa ; there I could have him now, and there, and there again.

*Lear.* Have his Daughters brought him to this Pass ? Couldst thou save nothing ? Didst thou give them all ?

*Kent.* He has no Daughters, Sir.

*Lear.* Death, Traytor, nothing could have subdued To such a Lowness, but his unkind Daughters. [*Nature*

*Edg.* Pillicock sat upon Pillicock Hill : Hallo, hallo,

*Lear.* Is it the Fashion that disregarded Fathers [*hallo.* Should have such little Mercy on their Flesh ? Judicious Punishment, 'twas his Flesh begot Those Pelican Daughters.

*Edg.* Take heed of the fow Fiend ; obey thy Parents ; keep thy Word justly ; swear not ; commit not with Man's sworn Spouse ; set not thy sweet Heart on proud Array ; *Tom's* a cold.

*Lear.* What hast thou been ?

*Edg.* A Serving-man, proud of Heart, that curl'd my Hair, used Perfume and Washes ; that served the Lust of my Mistress's Heart, and did the Act of Darknes with her ; swore as many Oaths as I spoke Words ; and broke them all in the sweet Face of Heaven. Let not the Paint, nor the Patch, nor the Rustling of Silks, betray thy poor Heart to Woman ; keep thy Foot out of Brothels, thy Hand out of Plackets, thy Pen from Creditors Books, and defy the foul Fiend. — Still through the Hawthorn blows the cold Wind. — Sefs, Suum, Mun, Nonny, Dolphin, my Boy ! — Hift, the Boy, the Boy ! Sefee ! Soft ! let him trot by.

*Lear.* Death ! thou wert better in thy Grave than thus to answer with thy uncover'd Body, this Extremity of the Sky. And yet consider him well, and Man's no more than this : Thou art indebted to the Worm for no Silk, to the Beast for no Hide, to the Cat for no Perfume.



Perfume.——Ha! here's two of us are sophisticated; thou art the Thing itself, unaccommodated Man is no more than such a poor bare-fork'd Animal as thou art.

Off, off, ye vain Disguises, empty Lendings;  
I'll be my original self; quick, quick, uncase me.

*Kent.* Defend his Wits, good Heaven!

*Lear.* One Point I had forgot; what's your Name?

*Edg.* Poor *Tom*, that eats the swimming Frog, the Wallnut and the Water-Nut; that in the Fury of his Heart, when the foul Fiend rages, eats Cow-dung for Sallads, swallows the old Rat, and the Ditch-Dog that drinks the green Mantle of the standing Pool, that's whipt from Tithing to Tithing, that has three Suits to his Back, six Shirts to his Body.

Horse to ride, and Weapon to wear,

But Rats and Mice, and such small Deer.

Have been *Tom's* Food for sev'n long Year.

Beware, my Follower; Peace, Smulk'n, Peace, thou foul Fiend.

*Lear.* One Word more, but be sure true Counsel; tell me, is a Madman a Gentleman or a Yeoman?

*Kent.* I fear'd 'twou'd come to this; his Wits are gone.

*Edg.* *Fraterreto* calls me, and tells me *Nero* is an Angler in the Lake of Darkness. Pray, *Innocent*, and beware the foul Fiend.

*Lear.* Right, ha! ha! Was it not pleasant to have a thousand with red hot Spits come hissing in upon 'em.

*Edg.* My Tears begin to take his Part so much. They mar my Counterfeiting. [*Aside.*]

*Lear.* The little Dogs and all, Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see they bark at me.

*Edg.* *Tom* will throw his Head at 'em; avaunt, ye Curs.

Be thy Mouth, or black or white,

Tooth that poisons if it bite;

Mastiff, Greyhound, Mungrel, Grim.

Hound or Spaniel, Brach or Hym;

Bob-Tail, Hight, or Trundle-Tail,

*Tom* will make 'em weep and wail;

For with throwing thus my Head,

Dogs leap the Hatch, and all are fled.

Ud,



Ud, de, de, de, See, fee, fee, Come, march to Wakes, and Fairs, and Market-Towns.—Poor *Tom*, thy Horn is dry.

*Lear*. You, Sir, I entertain you for one of my Hundred, only I do not like the Fashion of your Garments; you'll say they're *Persian*, but no Matter, let 'em be changed.

*Enter Gloster.*

*Edg.* This is the foul *Flibertigibet*; he begins at Curfew, and walks at first Cock; he gives the Web, and the Pin; knits the Elflock; squints the Eye, and makes the Hair-Lip; mildews the white Wheat, and hurts the poor Creature of the Earth.

*Switthin* footed thrice the Cold,  
He met the Night-Mare and her Nine-Fold,  
'Twas there he did appoint her;  
He bid her alight, and her Troth plight,  
And arroynt the Witch arroynt her.

*Gloft.* What, has your Grace no better Company?

*Edg.* The Prince of Darknes is a Gentleman; *Modo* he is call'd, and *Mabu*.

*Gloft.* Go with me, Sir; hard by I have a Tenant. My Duty cannot suffer me to obey in all your Daughters hard Commands, who have enjoin'd me to make fast my Doors, and let this tyrannous Night take hold upon you. Yet have I ventur'd to come to seek you out, and bring you where both Fire and Food are ready.

*Kent.* Good my Lord, take his Offer.

*Lear.* First let me talk with this Philosopher;  
Say, *Staggerite*, what is the Cause of Thunder?

*Gloft.* Beseech you, Sir, go with me.

*Lear.* I'll take a Word with this same learned *Theban*.  
What is your Study?

*Edg.* How to prevent the Fiend, and to kill Vermin.

*Lear.* Let me ask you a Word in private.

*Kent.* His Wits are quite unsettled; good Sir, let's force him hence.

*Gloft.* Can't blame him? His Daughters seek his Death; this Bedlam but disturbs him the more. Fellow, be gone.

*Edg.* Child *Rowland* to the dark Tow'r came,

D

His



His Word was still Fi, Fo, and Fum,  
I smell the Blood of a *British* Man. ——— Oh ! Torture !  
[*Exit.*

*Gloß.* Now, I prithee Friend, let's take him in our  
Arms, and carry him where he shall meet both Welcome  
Good Sir, along with us. [and Protection.

*Lear.* You say right, let 'em anatomize *Regan*, for what  
breeds about her Heart ; is there any Cause in Nature for  
these hard Hearts ?

*Kent.* I beseech your Grace.

*Lear.* Hift ! ——— Make no Noise, make no Noise ———  
so, so ; we'll to Supper i'th' Morning. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Cordelia and Arante.*

*Ar.* Dear Madam, rest ye here, our Search is vain,  
Look, here's a Shed ; beseech ye, enter here.

*Cord.* Prithee go thyself, seek thy own Ease ;  
Where the Mind's free, the Body's delicate ;  
This Tempest but diverts me from the Thought  
Of what would hurt me more.

*Enter two Ruffians.*

1. *Ruff.* We have dog'd 'em far enough ; this Place is  
I'll keep 'em Prisoners here within this Hovel, [private ;  
Whilst you return and bring Lord *Edmund* hither ;  
But help me first to house 'em

2. *Ruff.* Nothing but this dear Devil [Shows Gold.  
Shou'd have drawn me through all this Tempest ;  
But to our Work.

*They seize Cordelia and Arante, who shriek out.*  
Soft, Madam, we are Friends ; dispatch, I say.

*Cord.* Help, Murder, Help ; Gods ! Some kind Thun-  
To strike me dead. [derbolt

*Enter Edgar.*

*Edg.* What Cry was that ? — Ha ! Women seiz'd by  
Is this a Place and Time for Villainy ? [Ruffians !  
Avaunt, ye Bloodhounds. *Drives them with his Quar-*

*ter-staff.*

*Both.* The Devil, the Devil.

[Run off.

*Edg.* O speak, what are ye that appear to be  
O' th' tender Sex, and yet unguarded wander  
Through the dread Mazes of this dreadful Night,  
Where (though at full) the clouded Moon scarce darts  
Imperfect Glimmerings ? *Cord.*



*Cord.* First say, what art thou?  
Our Guardian Angel, that wert pleas'd t'assume  
That horrid Shape to fright the Ravishers?  
We'll kneel to thee.

*Edg.* O my tumultuous Blood!  
By all my trembling Veins, *Cordelia's* Voice;  
'Tis she herself!—My Senses sure conform  
To my wild Garb, and I am mad indeed. [ *Aside.*

*Cord.* Whete'er thou art, befriend a wretched Virgin;  
And, if thou canst, direct our weary Search.

*Edg.* Who relieves poor *Tom*, that sleeps on the Nettle,  
With the Hedge-pig for his Pillow.

Whilst *Smug* ply'd the Bellows,

She truck'd with her Fellows;

The freckle-fac'd Mab

Was a Blouze and a Drab,

Yet *Switwin* made *Oberon* jealous.—Oh! Torture.

*Ar.* Alack! Madam, a poor wand'ring Lunatick.

*Cord.* And yet his Language seem'd but now well tem-  
Speak, Friend, to one more wretched than thyself: [ *per'd.*  
And if thou hast one Interval of Sense,

Inform us, if thou canst, where we may find

A poor old Man, who through this Heath has stray'd

The tedious Night.—Speak, saw'st thou such a one?

*Edg.* The King her Father, whom she's come to seek,  
Through all the Terrors of this Night: O Gods! [ *Aside.*  
That such amazing Piety, such Tendernefs  
Shou'd yet to me be cruel.

Yes, fair one, such a one was lately here,  
And is convey'd by some that came to seek him,  
To a neighb'ring Cottage; but distinctly where,  
I know not.

*Cord.* Blessings on 'em;

Let's find him out, *Arante*, for thou seest

We are in Heaven's Protection.

[ *Going off.*

*Edg.* O *Cordelia*!

*Cord.* Ha!—Thou know'st my Name.

*Edg.* As you did once know *Edgar's*.

*Cord.* *Edgar*!

*Edg.* The poor Remains of *Edgar*, what your Scorn  
has left him.



*Cord.* Do we wake, *Arante*?

*Edg.* My Father seeks my Life, which I preserv'd,  
In Hopes of some blest Minute to oblige  
Distrest *Cordelia*, and the Gods have given it;  
That Thought alone prevail'd with me to take  
This frantick Dress, to make the Earth my Bed,  
With these Bare Limbs all Change of Seasons 'bide,  
Noon's scorching Heat, and Midnight's piercing Cold,  
To feed on Offals, and to drink with Herds,  
To combat with the Winds, and be the Sport  
Of Clowns, or what's more wretched yet, their Pity.

*Ar.* Was ever Tale so full of Misery!

*Edg.* But such a Fall as this I grant was due  
To my aspiring Love, for 'twas presumptuous,  
Though not presumptuously pursu'd;  
For well you know I wore my Flames conceal'd,  
And silent as the Lamps that burn in Tombs,  
Till you perceiv'd my Grief, with modest Grace  
Drew forth the Secret, and then seal'd my Pardon.

*Cord.* You had your Pardon, nor can you challenge more.

*Edg.* What do I challenge more!  
Such Vanity agrees not with these Rags:  
When in my prosp'rous State, rich *Gloster's* Heir.  
You silenc'd my Pretences, and enjoin'd me  
To trouble you upon that Theme no more;  
Then what Reception must Love's Language find  
From these bare Limbs and Beggar's humble Weeds!

*Cord.* Such as a Voice of Pardon to a Wretch condemn'd;  
Such as the Shouts  
Of succouring Forces to a Town besieg'd.

*Edg.* Ah! What new Method now of Cruelty?

*Cord.* Come to my Arms, thou dearest, best of Men,  
And take the kindest Vows that e'er were spoke  
By a protesting Maid.

*Edg.* Is't possible?

*Cord.* By the dear vital Stream that bathes my Heart,  
These hallowed Rags of thine, and naked Virtue,  
These abject Tassels, these fantastick Shreds,  
(Ridiculous even to the meanest Clown)  
To me are dearer than the richest Pomp  
Of purple Monarchs.

*Edg.*



*Edg.* Generous charming Maid,  
The Gods alone that made, can rate thy Worth !  
This most amazing Excellence shall be  
Fame's Triumph in succeeding Ages, when  
Thy bright Example shall adorn the Scene,  
And teach the Wor'd Perfection.

*Cord.* Cold and weary,  
We'll rest a while, *Arante*, on that Straw;  
Then forward to find out the poor old King.

*Edg.* Look, I have Flint and Steel, the Implements  
Of wand'ring Lunatics : I'll strike a Light,  
And make a Fire beneath this Shed, to dry  
Thy Storm-drench'd Garments, 'e're thou lie to rest thee ;  
Then fierce and wakeful as th' *Hesperian* Dragon,  
I'll watch beside thee to protect thy Sleep ;  
Mean while the Stars shall dart their kindest Beams.  
And Angels visit my *Cordelia's* Dreams. [Exeunt.

## SCENE, *The Palace.*

*Enter* Cornwall, Regan, Bastard, *Servants.* Cornwall  
with *Gloster's Letters.*

*Duke.* I will have my Revenge 'e're I depart his House.  
*Regan,* see here, a Plot upon our State ;  
'Tis *Gloster's* Character, that has betray'd  
His double Trust of Subject and of Host.

*Reg.* Then double be our Vengeance ; this confirms  
Th' Intelligence that we now receiv'd,  
That he has been this Night to seek the King ;  
But who, Sir, was the kind Discoverer ?

*Duke.* Our *Eagle*, quick to 'spy, and fierce to seize :  
Our trusty *Edmund*.

*Reg.* 'Twas a noble Service ;  
O *Cornwal*, take him to thy deepest Trust,  
And wear him as a Jewel at thy Heart.

*Bast.* Think, Sir, how hard a Fortune I sustain,  
That makes me thus repent of serving you ; [Weeps.  
O that this Treason had not been, or I  
Not the Discoverer.

*Duke.* *Edmund*, thou shalt find



A Father in our Love, and from this Minute  
We call thee Earl of *Gloster* ; but there yet  
Remains another Justice to be done,  
And that's to punish this discarded Traitor ;  
But lest thy tender Nature should relent  
At his just Suffering, nor brook the Sight,  
We wish thee to withdraw.

*Reg.* The *Grotto*, Sir, within the lower Grove [To  
Has Privacy to suit a Mourner's Thought. [Edmund *aside*.

*Bast* And there I may expect a Comforter,  
Ha, Madam ?

*Reg.* What may happen, Sir, I know not,  
But 'twas a Friend's Advice. [Exit *Bastard*.

*Duke.* Bring in the Traitor.

*Gloster brought in.*

Bind fast his Arms

*Gloft.* What mean your Graces ?

You are my Guests, pray do me no foul Play.

*Duke.* Bind him, I say, hard, harder yet.

*Reg.* Now, Traitor, thou shalt find——

*Duke.* Speak, Rebel, where hast thou sent the King ?  
Whom, Spight of our Decree, thou saw'st last Night.

*Gloft.* I'm ty'd to th' Stake, and must stand the Course.

*Reg.* Say where, and why thou hast conceal'd him ?

*Gloft.* Because I wou'd not see thy cruel Hands  
Tear out his poor old Eyes, nor thy fierce Sister  
Carve his anointed Flesh ; but I shall see  
The swift wing'd Vengeance overtake such Children.

*Duke.* See't thou shalt never ; Slaves perform your Work,  
Out with those treacherous Eyes ; dispatch, I say,  
If thou seek Vengeance——

*Gloft.* He that will think to live, 'till he be old——  
Give me some Help.—— O cruel ! oh ! ye Gods.

[*They put out his Eyes.*

*Serv.* Hold, hold, my Lord, I bar your Cruelty ;  
I cannot love your Safety, and give Way  
To such a barbarous Practice.

*Duke.* Ha ! my Villain !

*Serv.* I have been your Servant from my Infancy,  
But better Service have I never done you  
Than with this Boldness.——

*Duke.*



*Duke*. Take thy Death, Slave.

*Serv*. Nay, then Revenge whilst yet my Blood is warm. [Fight.]

*Reg*. Help here——are you not hurt, my Lord?

*Glo*. *Edmund*, enkindle all the Sparks of Nature To quit this horrid Act.

*Reg*. Out, treacherous Villain,  
Thou call'st on him who hates thee; it was he  
That broach'd thy Treason, shew'd us thy Dispatches:  
There—read, and save the *Cambrian* Prince a Labour.  
If thy Eyes fail thee, call for Spectacles.

*Glo*. O my Folly!

Then *Edgar* was abused; kind Gods forgive me that.

*Reg*. How is't, my Lord?

*Duke*, Turn out that eyeless Villain, let him smell  
His Way to *Cambray*; throw this Slave upon a Dunghill.

*Regan*, I bleed apace; give me your Arm.

*Glo*. All dark and comfortless!

Where are those various Objects that, but now,  
Employ'd my busy Eyes? Where those Eyes?

Dead are their piercing Rays, that lately shot  
O'er flow'ry Vales to distant snowy Hills,  
And drew with Joy the vast Horizon in.

These groping Hands are now my only Guides,  
And Feeling all my Sight.

O Misery! What Words can sound my Grief!  
Shut from the Living whilst among the Living;  
Dark as the Grave amidst the bustling World.

At once from Bus'ness and from Pleasure bar'd,  
No more to view the Beauty of the Spring,  
Nor see the Face of Kindred, or of Friend.

Yet still one Way th' extreamest Fate affords,  
And ev'n the Blind can find the Way to Death.

Must I then tamely die, and unreveng'd?

So *Lear* may fall: No, with these bleeding Rings  
I will present me to the pitying Crowd,

And with the Rhetorick of these dropping Veins  
Enflame 'em to revenge their King and me;

Then when the glorious Mischief's on the Wing,  
This Lumber from some Precipice I'll throw,

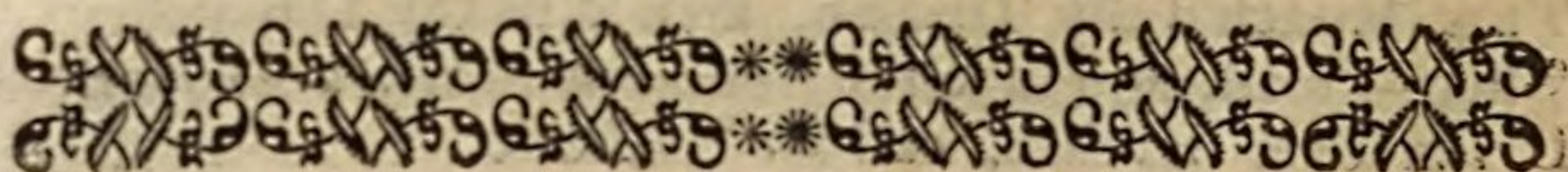
And dash it on the ragged Flint below;

Whence



Whence my freed Soul to her bright Sphere shall fly,  
 Through boundless Orbs eternal Regions 'spy,  
 And (like the Sun) be all one glorious Eye. [Exit.]

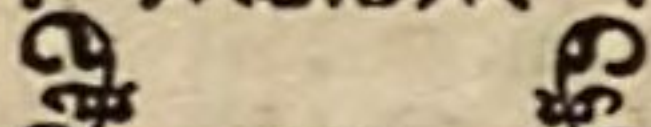
*The End of the Third Act.*



A C T IV.

S C E N E. *A Grotto.*

*Edmund and Regan amorously seated, listening to soft Music.*

*Bast.*  H Y were those Beauties made ano-  
 ther's Right,  
 W  Which none can prize like me?  
 Charming Queen,  
 Take my blooming Youth; for  
 ever fold me

In those soft Arms; lull me in endless Sleep,  
 That I may dream of Pleasures too transporting,  
 For Life to bear.

*Reg.* Live, live my *Gloster*,  
 And feel no Death but that of swooning Joy!  
 I yield thee Bliss on no harder Terms,  
 Than that thou continue to be happy.

*Bast.* This Jealousy is yet more kind; is't possible  
 That I should wander from a Paradise  
 To feed on sickly Weeds? Such Sweets live here,  
 That Constancy will be no Virtue in me.  
 And yet must I forthwith go meet her Sister, [Aside.  
 To whom I must protest as much.—  
 Suppose it be the same; why, best of all,

And,



And I have then my Lesson 'ready conn'd.

Reg. Wear this Remembrance of me.— I dare now  
[Gives him a Ring.

Absent myself no longer from the Duke,  
Whose Wound grows dangerous, I hope mortal.

Bast. And let this happy Image of your *Gloster*

[Pulling out a Picture, drops a Note.

Lodge in that Breast where all his Treasure lies. [Exit.

Reg. To this brave Youth a Woman's blooming Beauties  
Are due; my Fool usurps my Bed—What's here?

Confusion on my Eyes.

[Reads.

*Where Merit is transparent, not to behold it were  
Blindness, and not to reward it, Ingratitude.*

Goneril.

Vexatious Accident! Yet fortunate too:

My Jealousy's confirm'd, and I am taught

To cast for my Defence——

*Enter an Officer.*

Now, what mean those Shouts, and this thy hasty Entrance?

Off. A most surprising and a sudden Change;

The Peasants are all up in Mutiny,

And only want a Chief to lead 'em on

To storm your Palace.

Reg. On what Provocation?

Off. At last Day's publick Festival, to which  
The Yeomen from all Quarters had repair'd;  
Old *Gloster*, whom you late depriv'd of Sight,  
(His Veins yet streaming fresh) presents himself,  
Proclaims your Cruelty, and their Oppression,  
With the King's Injuries; which so enrag'd 'em,  
That now that Mutiny, which long had crept,  
Takes Wing, and threatens your best Pow'rs.

Reg. White-liver'd Slave!

Our Forces rais'd, and led by valiant *Edmund*,  
Shall drive this Monster of Rebellion back

To her dark Cell; young *Gloster*'s Arm allays

The Storm, his Father's feeble Breath did raise. [Exit.

*The Field* S C E N E, *Enter Edgar.*

Edg. The lowest and most abject Thing of Fortune  
Stands still in Hope, and is secure from Fear;

The lamentable Change is from the Best,

The Worst returns to Better.—Who comes here?

*Enter*



*Enter Gloster, led by an old Man.*

My Father poorly led ! depriv'd of Sight !  
The precious Stones torn from their bleeding Rings I  
Something I heard of this inhuman Deed,  
But disbeliev'd it, as an Act too horrid  
For the hot Hell of a curst Woman's Fury ;  
When will the Measure of my Woes be full ?

*Gloft.* Revenge, thou art on foot, Success attend thee.  
Well have I sold my Eyes, if the Event  
Prove happy for the injur'd King.

*Old M.* O, my good Lord, I have been your Tenant,  
and your Father's Tenant these fourscore Years.

*Gloft.* Away, get thee away, good Friend be gone ;  
Thy Comforts can do me no Good at all,  
Thee they may hurt.

*Old M.* You cannot see your Way.

*Gloft.* I have no Way, and therefore want no Eyes,  
I stumbled when I saw : O dear Son *Edgar*,  
The Food of thy abused Father's Wrath,  
Might I but live to see thee in my Touch,  
I'd say, I had Eyes agen.

*Edg.* Alas, he's sensible that I was wrong'd,  
And should I own myself, his tender Heart  
Would break betwixt th' Extreame of Grief and Joy.

*Old M.* How now, who's there ?

*Edg.* A Charity for poor *Tom*. Play fair, and defy  
the foul Fiend.

O Gods ! And must I still pursue this Trade, [ *Aside.*  
Trifling beneath such Loads of Misery ?

*Old M.* 'Tis poor mad *Tom*.

*Gloft.* In the late Storm, I such a Fellow saw,  
Which made me think a Man a Worm.  
Where is the Lunatick ?

*Old M.* Here, my Lord.

*Gloft.* Get thee now away ; if for my Sake  
Thou wilt o'er take us hence a Mile, or two,  
I'll th' Way to *Dover*, do't for ancient Love,  
And bring some Cov'ring for this naked Wretch,  
Whom I'll intreat to lead me.

*Old M.* Alack, my Lord, he's mad. (Blind.

*Gloft.* 'Tis the Time's Plague when Mad-men lead the  
Do as I bid thee. *Old.*



*Old M.* I'll bring him the best 'parrel, that I have,  
Come on't what will. [Exit.

*Gloft.* Sirrah, naked Fellow.

*Edg.* Poor *Tom*'s a cold—I cannot fool it longer,  
And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet Eyes, they bleed ;  
Believ't poor *Tom* ev'n weeps his blind to see 'em.

*Gloft.* Know'st thou the Way to *Dover* ?

*Edg.* Both Stile and Gate, Horse-way and Foot-path ;  
poor *Tom* has been scared out of his good Wits ; bless  
every true Man's Son from the foul Fiend.

*Gloft.* Here take this Purse ; that I am wretched  
Makes thee the happier. Heav'n deal so still.  
Thus let the griping Usurer's Hoard be scatter'd,  
So Distribution shall undo Excess,  
And each Man have enough. Dost thou know *Dover* ?

*Edg.* Ay, Master.

*Gloft.* There's a Cliff, whose high and bending Head  
Looks dreadfully down on the roaring Deep ;  
Bring me but to the very Brink of it,  
And I'll repay the Poverty thou bear'st  
With something rich about me ; from that Place  
I shall no Leading need.

*Edg.* Give me thy Arm : Poor *Tom* shall guide thee.

*Gloft.* Soft, for I hear the Tread of Passengers.

*Enter Kent and Cordelia.*

*Cord.* Ah me ! Your Fear's too true, it was the King ;  
I spoke but now with some that met him  
As mad as the vex'd Sea, singing aloud,  
Crown'd with rank Femiter, and and Furrow Weeds,  
With Berries, Burdocks, Violets, Dazies, Poppies,  
And all the idle Flowers that grow  
In our sustaining Corn ; conduct me to him,  
And Heav'n so prosper thee.

*Kent.* I will, good Lady.

Ha, *Gloster* here!—Turn, poor dark Man, and hear  
A Friend's Condolement, who at Sight of thine  
Forgets his own Distress, thy old true *Kent*.

*Gloft.* How, *Kent* ! From whence return'd ?

*Kent.* I have not since my Banishment been absent,  
But in Disguise follow'd th' abandon'd King :  
'Twas me thou saw'st with him in the late Storm.

*Gloft.*



*Gloſt.* Let me embrace thee ; had I Eyes, I now  
Should weep for Joy ; but let this trickling Blood  
Suffice inſtead of Tears.

*Cord.* O Miſery !

To whom ſhall I complain, or in what Language ?  
Forgive, O wretched Man, the Piety  
That brought thee to this Paſs, 'twas I that caus'd it ;  
I caſt me at thy Feet, and beg of thee  
To cruſh theſe weeping Eyes to equal Darkneſs,  
If that will give thee any Recompence.

*Edg.* Was ever Seafon ſo diſtreſt as this ! [*Aſide.*

*Gloſt.* I think *Cordelia's* Voice ! Riſe pious Princeſs,  
And take a dark Man's Bleſſing.

*Cord.* O, my *Edgar* !

My Virtue's now grow guilty, works the Bane  
Of thoſe that befriend me, Heav'n forſakes me,  
And when you look that Way, it is but juſt  
That you ſhou'd hate me too.

*Edg.* O wave this cutting Speech, and ſpare to wound  
A Heart that's on the Rack.

*Gloſt.* No longer cloud thee, *Kent*, in that Diſguiſe,  
There's Buſineſs for thee, and of nobleſt Weight ;  
Our injur'd Country is at length in Arms,  
Urg'd by the King's inhuman Wrongs and mine,  
And only want a Chief to lead 'em on.  
That Taſk be thine.

*Edg.* Brave Britons, then there's Life in't yet, [*Aſide.*

*Kent.* Then have we one Caſt for our Fortune ſtill.  
Come, Princeſs, I'll beſtow you with the King,  
Then on the Spur to head theſe Forces.  
Farewel, good *Gloſter*, to our Conduct truſt.

*Gloſt.* And be your Cauſe as proſp'rous as 'tis juſt. [*Ex.*

*Goneril's Palace. Enter Goneril, Attendants.*

*Gon.* It was great Ignorance, *Gloſter's* Eyes being out,  
To let him live, where he arrives he moves  
All Hearts againſt us : *Edmund* I think is gone,  
In Pity to his Miſery, to diſpatch him.

*Gent.* No, Madam, he's return'd on ſpeedy Summons  
Back to your Siſter.

*Gon.* Ha ! I like not that,  
Such Speed muſt have the Wings of Love ? where's *Albany* ?

*Gent.*



*Gent.* Madam, within, but never Man so chang'd ;  
I told him of the Uproar of the Peasants,  
He smil'd at it ; when I inform'd him  
Of *Gloster's* Treason——

*Gon.* Trouble him no farther,  
It is his coward Spirit ; back to our Sister,  
Hasten her Musters, and let her know  
I have given the Distaff into my Husband's Hands.  
That done, with special Care deliver these Dispatches  
In private to young *Gloster*.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* O Madam, most unseasonable News,  
The Duke of *Cornwall's* dead of his late Wound,  
Whose Loss your Sister has in Part supply'd,  
Making brave *Edmund* General of her Forces.

*Gon.* One Way I like this well ;  
But being a Widow, and my *Gloster* with her,  
May blast the promised Harvest of our Love.  
A Word more, Sir——add Speed to your Journey,  
And if you chance to meet with that blind Traitor,  
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off. [Ex.

*The Field* SCENE, *Gloster and Edgar.*

*Glost.* When shall we come to th' Top of that same

*Edg.* We climb it now, mark how we labour. [Hill?

*Glost.* Methinks the Ground is even.

*Edg.* Horribly steep ; heark, do you hear the Sea ?

*Glost.* No truly.

*Edg.* Why then your other Senses grow imperfect  
By your Eyes Anguish.

*Glost.* So may it be indeed.  
Methinks thy Voice is alter'd, and thou speak'st  
In better Phrase and Manner than thou didst.

*Edg.* You are much deceived ; in nothing am I alter'd.  
But my Garments.

*Glost.* Methinks y'are better spoken.

*Edg.* Come on, Sir ; here's the Place ; how fearful  
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's Eyes so low.  
The Crows and Choughs, that wing the midway Air,  
Shew scarce so big as Beetles ; half way down  
Hangs one who gathers Samphire, dreadful Trade !  
The Fishermen that walk upon the Beach,

E

Appear



Appear like Mice ; and yon tall anch'ring Bark  
Seems lessen'd to her Cock, her Cock a Buoy,  
Almost too small for Sight : The murmuring Surge  
Cannot be heard so high ; I'll look no more  
Lest my Brain turn, and the Disorder make me  
Tumble down head-long.

*Gloft.* Set me where you stand.

*Edg.* You are now within a Foot of th' extreme Verge:  
For all beneath the Moon I would not now  
Leap forward.

*Gloft.* Let go my Hand :  
Here, Friend, is another Purse, in it a Jewel  
Well worth a poor Man's taking ; get thee farther,  
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

*Edg.* Fare you well, Sir. — That I do trifle thus  
With this his Despair, is with Design to cure it.

*Gloft.* Thus, mighty Gods, this World I do renounce,  
And in your Sight shake my Afflictions off ;  
If I could bear 'em longer, and not fall  
To quarrel with your great opposeless Wills,  
My Snuff and feeble Part of Nature shou'd  
Burn itself out. If *Edgar* liv'd ! Oh blefs him !  
Now, Fellow, fare thee well.

*Edg.* Gone, Sir, farewell.  
And yet I know not how Conceit may rob  
The Treasury of Life. Had he been where he thought,  
By this had Thought been past ——— Alive, or dead ?  
Hoe, Sir, Friend ; hear you, Sir, speak. ———  
Thus might he pass indeed, ——— yet he revives.  
What are you, Sir ?

*Gloft.* Away, and let me die.

*Edg.* Hadst thou been aught but Gosmore Feathers,  
Falling so many Fathom down, (Air !  
Thou hadst shiver'd like an Egg ; but thou dost breathe  
Hast heavy Substance ! Bleed'st ? not speak ! Art sound ?  
Thy Life's a Miracle.

*Gloft.* But have I fallen or no ?

*Edg.* From the dread Summit of this chalky Bourn :  
Look up, an Height, the shrill tun'd Lark so high  
Cannot be seen or heard ; do but look up.

*Gloft.* Alack, I have no Eyes.



Is Wretchedness depriv'd that Benefit  
To end itself by Death?

*Edg.* Give me your Arm.  
Up; so, how is't? Feel you your Legs? You stand.

*Gloft.* Too well, too well.

*Edg.* Upon the Brow o'th' Cliff, what Thing was that  
Which parted from you?

*Gloft.* A poor unfortunate Beggar.

*Edg.* As I stood here below, methought his Eyes  
Were two full Moons, wide Nostrils breathing Fire.  
It was some Fiend, therefore thou happy Father,  
Think that th' all powerful Gods, who make them Ho-  
Of Mens Impossibilities, have perserved thee. (nours

*Gloft.* 'Tis wonderful; henceforth I'll bear Affliction  
'Till it expire; the Goblin which you speak of,  
I took for a Man; oft-times 'twould say,  
The Fiend, the Fiend: He led me to that Place. [here?

*Edg.* Bear free and patient Thoughts. But who comes

*Enter Lear, a Coronet of Flowers on his Head;*

*Wreaths and Garlands about him.*

*Lear.* No, no; they cannot touch me for coining;  
I am the King himself.

*Edg.* O piercing Sight.

*Lear.* Nature's above Art in that Respect; there's  
your Prefs-Money: That Fellow handles his Bow like a  
Cow-Keeper:—Draw me a Clothier's Yard. A  
Mouse, a Mouse, peace, hoa! There's my Gauntlet; I'll  
prove it on a Giant: Bring up the brown Bills: O well  
flown Bird; i'th' White, i'th' White, —————  
Heugh! Give the Word.

*Edg.* Sweet *Marjoram*.

*Lear.* Pass.

*Gloft.* I know that Voice.

*Lear.* Ha! *Goneril* with a white Beard! They flat-  
ter'd me like a Dog, and told me I had white Hairs on my  
Chin, before the black ones were there; to say *ay* and  
*no* to every thing that I said: *Ay* and *no* too was no  
good Divinity. When the Rain came once to wet me,  
and the Winds to make me chatter; when the Thunder  
wou'd not peace at my bidding: There I found 'em,  
there I smelt them out. Go to, they are not Men of



their Words ; they told me I was a King ; 'tis a Lye, I am not Ague proof.

*Gloft.* That Voice I well remember, is't not the King's ?

*Lear.* Ay, every Inch a King ; when I do stare,  
See how the Subject quakes.

I pardon that Man's Life ; what was the Cause ?

Adultery ? Thou shalt not die. Die for Adultery !

The Wren goes to't, and the small gilded Fly  
Engenders in my Sight. Let Copulation thrive ;  
For *Gloster's* Bastard Son was kinder to his Father,  
Than were my Daughters, got i'th' Lawful Bed.  
To't Luxury, *Pell-Mell*, for I lack Soldiers.

*Gloft.* Not all my Sorrows past so deep have touch'd me,  
As these sad Accents : Sight were now a Torment.——

*Lear.* Behold that simp'ring Lady, she that starts  
At Pleasure's Name, and thinks her Ear profan'd  
With the least wanton Word ; wou'd you belive it,  
The Fitcher, nor the pamper'd Steed goes to't  
With such a riotous Appetite : Down from the Waste  
they are *Centaur's*, though Women all above ; but to the  
Girdle do the Gods inherit, beneath is all the Fiends :  
there's Hell, there's Darknefs, the sulphurous unfathom'd.—— Fie ! Fie ! Pah !—— An Ounce of *Civet*,  
good Apothecary, to sweeten my Imagination.——  
There's Money for thee.

*Gloft.* Let me kiss that Hand.

*Lear.* Let me wipe it it first ; it smells of Mortality.

*Gloft.* Speak, Sir, do you know me ?

*Lear.* I remember thy Eyes well enough : Nay, do  
thy worst, blind *Cupid*, I'll not love.—— Read me this  
Challenge, mark but the penning of it.

*Gloft.* Were all the Letters Suns, I cou'd not see.

*Edg.* I wou'd not take this from Report ; wretched  
What will thy Virtue do, when thou shalt find (*Cordelia* !  
This fresh Affliction added to the Tale  
Of thy unparallel'd Griefs.

*Lear.* Read.

*Gloft.* What ! with this Case of Eyes !

*Lear.* O ho ! Are you there with me ? No Eyes in  
your Head, and no Money in your Purse ? Yet you see  
how this World goes.

*Gloft.*



*Gloſt.* I ſee it feelingly.

*Lear.* What! Art mad! A Man may ſee how this World goes with no Eyes. Look with thy Ears; ſee how yon Juſtice rails on that ſimple Thief; ſhake 'em together, and the firſt that drops, be it Thief, or Juſtice, is a Villain.—Thou haſt ſeen a Famer's Dog bark at a Beggar.

*Gloſt.* Ay, Sir.

*Lear.* And the Man ran from the Cur; there thou might'ſt behold the great Image of Authority, a Dog's obey'd in Office. Thou Raſcal, Beadle, hold up thy bloody Hand, why doſt thou laſh that Strumpet? Thou hotly luſt'ſt to enjoy her in that Kind for which thou whip'ſt her; do, do, the Judge that ſentenc'd her has been before-hand with thee.

*Gloſt.* How ſtiff is my vile Senſe, that yields not yet?

*Lear.* I tell thee the Uſurer hangs the Couz'ner——through tatter'd Robes ſmall Vices do appear; Robes and Fur-Gowns hide all: Place Sins with Gold; why there 'tis for thee, my Friend, make much of it; it has the Power to ſeal the Accuſer's Lips. Get thee glaſs Eyes, and (like a ſcurvy Politician) ſeem to ſee the Things thou doſt not. Pull, pull off my Boots; hard, harder; ſo, ſo.

*Gloſt.* O Matter and Impertinency mixt! Reason in Madneſs.

*Lear.* If thou wilt weep my Fortunes, take my Eyes, I know thee well enough, thy Name is *Gloſter*. Thou muſt be patient, we come crying hither; Thou know'ſt, the firſt Time that we taſte the Air We wail and cry——I'll preach to thee, mark.

*Edg.* Break, lab'ring Heart.

*Lear.* When we are born, we cry that we are come To this great Stage of Fools.——

*Enter two or three Gentlemen.*

*Gent.* O! here he is; lay Hand upon him, Sir; Your deareſt Daughter ſends——

*Lear.* No Reſcue? What! A Priſoner? I am even the natural Fool of Fortune: Uſe me well, you ſhall have Ransom.——Let me have Surgeons. Oh! I am cut to th' Brains.



*Gent.* You shall have any Thing.

*Lear.* No Seconds? All myself? I will die bravely like a smug Bridegroom, flush'd and pamper'd as a Priest's Whore, I am King, my Masters, know ye that?

*Gent.* You are a Royal One, and we obey you.

*Lear.* It were an excellent Stratagem to shoe a Troop of Horse with Felt, I'll put in Proof.—No Noise, no Noise.—Now will we steal upon these Sons-in-Law, and then—Kill, kill, kill, kill! [*Ex. Running.*]

*Gloſt.* A Sight most moving in the meanest Wretch, Past speaking in a King. Now, good Sir, what are you?

*Edg.* A most poor Man made tame to Fortune's Strokes, And prone to Pity by experienc'd Sorrows; give me your (Hand.

*Gloſt.* You ever gentle Gods, take my Breath from me, And let not my ill Genius tempt me more To die before you please.

*Enter Goneril's Gentleman Usher.*

*Gent.* A proclaim'd Prize: O most happily met. That Eye-less Head of thine was first fram'd Flesh To raise my Fortunes; thou old unhappy Traitor, The Sword is out that must destroy thee.

*Gloſt.* Now let thy friendly Hand put Strength enough

*Gent.* Wherefore, bold Peasant, (to't. Dar'ſt thou support a publish'd Traitor? Hence, Lest I destroy thee too. Let go his Arm,

*Edg.* Chill not let go, Zir, without 'vurther 'Casion.

*Gent.* Let go, Slave, or thou dieſt.

*Edg.* Good Gentleman go your Gate, and let poor Volk paſs; and chu'd ha' bin' zwagger'd out of my Life, it wou'd not a bin zo long as 'tis by a Vort-Night. —Nay, an' thou com'ſt near th' old Man, I'll try Whether your Coſtard or my Ballow be th' harder.

*Kent.* Out Dunghill.

*Edg.* Chill pick your Teeth, Zir; come, no Matter Voines.

*Gent.* Slave, thou haſt ſlain me; oh! untimely Death!

*Edg.* I know thee well, a ſerviceable Villain, As duteous to the Vices of thy Miſtreſs, As Luſt cou'd wiſh.

*Gloſt.* What! is he dead?

*Edg.*



*Edg.* Sit you, Sir, and rest you.  
This is a Letter-Carrier, and may have  
Some Papers of Intelligence, that may stand  
Our Party in good stead to know. ——— What's here?

*[Takes a Letter out of his Pocket ; opens, and reads.]*  
To *Edmund* Earl of *Gloster*.

*Let our mutual Loves be remember'd, you have many  
Opportunities to cut him off. If he return the  
Conqueror, then I am still a Prisoner, and his  
Bed my Goal ; from the loath'd Warmth of  
which deliver me, and supply the Place for  
your Labour.*

*Goneril.*

A Plot upon her Husband's Life,  
And the Exchange my Brother ! ——— Here i' th' Sands  
I'll rake thee up, thou Messenger of Lust,  
Griev'd only that thou hadst no other Deaths-Man.  
In Time and Place convenient I'll produce  
These Letters to the Sight of th' injur'd Duke,  
As best shall serve our Purpose ; come, your Hand.  
Far off methinks I hear the beaten Drum ;  
Come, Sir, I will bestow you with a Friend. *[Exeunt.]*

*A Chamber. Lear asleep on a Couch ; Cordelia and  
Attendants standing by him.*

*Cord.* His Sleep is sound, and may have good Effect  
To cure his jarring Senses, and repair.  
This Breach of Nature.

*Phys.* We have employ'd the utmost Pow'r of Art,  
And this deep Rest will perfect our Design.

*Cord.* O *Regan*, *Goneril* ! Inhuman Sisters,  
Had he not been your Father, these white Hairs  
Had chancell'd sure some Pity ! Was this a Face  
To be expos'd against the jarring Winds ?  
My Enemy's Dog, though he had bit me, shou'd (to him)  
Have stood that Night against my Fire. — He wakes, speak

*Gent.* Madam, do you ; 'tis fittest *[jesty ?]*

*Cord.* How does my royal Lord ? How fares your Ma-

*Lear.* You do me Wrong to take me out o'th' Grave.

Ha ! is this too a World of Cruelty ?

I know my Privilege : Think not that I will  
Be us'd like a wretched Mortal ? No,  
No more of that.

*Cord.*



*Cord.* Speak to me, Sir ; whom am I ?

*Lear.* You are a Soul in Bliss ; but I am bound  
Upon a Wheel of Fire, which my own Tears  
Do scald like molten Lead.

*Cord.* Sir, do you know me ?

*Lear.* You are a Spirit, I know ; where did you die ?

*Cord.* Still, still, far wide. [compos'd.

*Phys.* Madam, he's scarce awake ; he'll soon grow more

*Lear.* Where have I been ? Where am I ? Fair Day-  
I am mightily abus'd, I shou'd even die with Pity [Light!  
To see another thus. I will not swear  
These are my Hands.

*Cord.* O look upon me, Sir,  
And hold your Hands in Blessing over me ; nay,  
You must not kneel.

*Lear.* Pray do not mock me.  
I am a very foolish fond old Man,  
Fourscore and upward ; and to deal plainly with you,  
I fear I am not in my perfect Mind.

*Cord.* Nay, then farewell to Patience : Witness for me,  
Ye mighty Pow'rs, I ne'er complain'd 'till now !

*Lear.* Methinks I shou'd know you, and know this Man,  
Yet I am doubtful, for I am mainly ignorant  
What Place this is ; and all the Skill I have  
Remember not these Garments ; nor do I know  
Where I did sleep last Night.—Pray do not mock me,  
For, as I am a Man, I think that Lady  
To be my Child *Cordelia*.

*Cord.* O my dear, dear Father !

*Lear.* Be your Tears wet ? Yes faith ; pray do not weep,  
I know I have giv'n thee Cause, and am so humbled  
With Crosses since, that I cou'd ask  
Forgiveness of thee, were it possible  
That thou cou'dst grant it ; but I'm well assur'd  
Thou can'st not ; therefore I do stand thy Justice :  
If thou hast Poison for me I will drink it,  
Bless thee, and die.

*Cord.* O pity, Sir, a bleeding Heart, and cease  
This killing Language.

*Lear.* Tell me, Friends, where am I ?

*Gent.* In your own Kingdom, Sir.

*Lear.*



*Lear.* Do not abuse me.

*Gent.* Be comforted, good Madam, for the Violence  
Of his Distemper's past; we'll lead him in,  
Nor trouble him, 'till he is better settled.

Wil't please you, Sir, walk into freer Air?

*Lear.* You must bear with me, I am Old and Foolish.

[*They lead him off.*]

*Cord.* The Gods restore you. — Hark, I hear afar  
The beaten Drum. Old *Kent's* a Man of's Word.

Oh! for an Arm

Like the fierce Thunderer's when the Earth-born Sons  
Storm'd Heav'n, to fight this injur'd Father's Battle!

'That I cou'd shift my Sex, and dye me deep

In his Opposer's Blood! But as I may,

With Womens Weapons, Piety and Pray'rs,

I'll aid his Cause. — You never erring Gods

Fight on his Side, and thunder on his Foes

Such Tempests as his poor ag'd Head sustain'd.

Your Image suffers when a Monarch bleeds.

'Tis your own Cause, for that your Succours bring

Revenge yourselves, and right an injur'd King.

*End of the Fourth Act.*



A C T V.

S C E N E, *A Camp.*

*Enter Goneril and Attendants.*

*Gon.*  UR Sister's Pow'rs already are arriv'd,  
And she herself has promis'd to prevent  
The Night with her Approach: Have  
you provided [on  
The Banquet I bespoke for her Recepti-  
At my Tent?

*Att.*



*Att.* So, please your Grace, we have.

*Gon.* But thou, my Prisoner, must prepare the Bowl  
That crowns this Banquet; when our Mirth is high,  
The Trumpets sounding, and the Flutes replying,  
Then is the Time to give this fatal Draught  
To this Imperious Sister; if then our Arms succeed,  
*Edmund*, more dear than Victory, is mine;  
But if Defeat, or Death itself attend me,  
'Twill charm my Ghost to think I've left behind me  
No happy Rival. Hark, she comes. [*Trumpet.* [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Bastard in his Tent.*

*Bast.* To both these Sisters have I sworn my Love,  
Each jealous of the other, as the Stung  
Are of the Adder; neither can be held  
If both remain alive; where shall I fix?  
*Cornwall* is dead, and *Regan's* empty Bed  
Seems cast by Fortune for me, but already  
I have enjoy'd her, and bright *Goneril*  
With equal Charms brings dear Variety,  
And yet untasted Beauty: I will use  
Her Husband's Countenance for the Battle, then  
Usurp at once his Bed and Throne. *Enter Officers.*  
My trusty Scouts y'are well return'd; have ye descry'd  
The Strength and Posture of the Enemy?

*Off.* We have, and were surpris'd to find  
The banish'd *Kent* return'd, and at their Head;  
Your Brother *Edgar* on the Rear; old *Gloster*  
(A moving Spectacle) led through their Ranks,  
Whose pow'rful Tongue, and more prevailing Wrongs,  
Have so enraged their rustick Spirit, that with  
Th' approaching Dawn we must expect their Battle.

*Bast.* You bring a welcome Hearing; each to his Charge,  
Line well your Ranks, and stand on your Award.  
To Night repose you; i'th' Morn we'll give  
The Sun a Sight that shall be worth his rising. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, a Valley near the Camp.

*Enter Edgar and Gloster.*

*Edg.* Here, Sir, you take the Shadow of this Tree  
For



For your good Host ; pray that the Right may thrive :  
 If ever I return to you again,  
 I'll bring you Comfort.

[Exit.

*Gloft.* Thanks, friendly Sir ;  
 The Fortune your good Cause deserves betide you.

*An Alarm ; after which Gloster speaks.*

The Fight grows hot ; the whole War's now at work,  
 And the goar'd Battle bleeds in every Vein,  
 Whilst Drums and Trumpets drown loud Slaughter's Roar.  
 Where's *Gloster* now, that us'd to head the Fray,  
 And scour the Ranks where deadliest Danger lay ?  
 Here, like a Shepherd, in a lonely Shade,  
 Idle, unarm'd, and listening to the Fight ;  
 Yet the disabled Courser, maim'd and blind,  
 When to the Stall he hears the rattling War,  
 Foaming with Rage, tears up the batter'd Ground,  
 And tugs for Liberty.

No more of Shelter thou blind Worm, but forth  
 To th' open Field, the War may come this Way,  
 And crush thee into Rest. ————— Here lie thee down,  
 And tear the Earth ; that Work befits a Mole.

O dark Despair ! When, *Edgar*, wilt thou come  
 To pardon, and dismiss me to the Grave ? [A Retreat  
 Hark ! A Retreat, the King has lost, or won. [sounded.

*Re-enter Edgar bloody.*

*Edg.* Away old Man, give me your Hand, away !  
 King *Lear* hast lost ; he and his Daughter ta'en :  
 And this, ye Gods, is all that I can save  
 Of this most precious Wreck ; give me your Hand.

*Gloft.* No farther, Sir, a Man may rot, even here.

*Edg.* What ! In ill Thoughts again ? Men must en-  
 Their going hence, ev'n as their coming hither (dure

*Gloft.* And that's true too. [Exeunt.

*Flourish.* Enter in Conquest, Albany, Goneril, Regan,  
 Bastard. — *Lear*, Kent, Cordelia, Prisoners.

*Alb.* It is enough to have conquer'd, Cruelty  
 Shou'd ne'er survive the Fight. Captain o'th' Guards,  
 Treat well your royal Prisoners, 'till you have  
 Our farther Orders, as you hold our Pleasure.

*Gon.* Hark ! Sir, not as you hold our Husband's Plea-  
 sure,

[To the Captain aside.  
 But



But as you hold your Life, dispatch your Pris'ners.  
 Our Empire can have no sure Settlement  
 But in their Death ; the Earth that covers them  
 Binds fast our Throne. Let me hear they are dead.

*Capt.* I shall obey your Orders.

*Bast.* Sir, I approve it safest to pronounce  
 Sentence of Death upon this wretched King,  
 Whose Age has Charms in it, his Title more,  
 To draw the Commons once more to his Side :  
 'Twere best prevent—

*Alb.* Sir, by your Favour,  
 I hold you but a Subject of this War,  
 Not as a Brother.

*Regan.* That's as we list to grace him.  
 Have you forgot that he did lead our Pow'rs ;  
 Bore the Commission of our Place and Person ?  
 And that Authority may well stand up,  
 And call itself your Brother.

*Gon.* Not so hot,  
 In his own Merits he exalts himself  
 More than in your Addition.

*Enter Edgar disguis'd.*

*Alb.* What art thou ?

*Edg.* Pardon me, Sir, that I presume to stop  
 A Prince and Conqueror, yet 'ere you triumph,  
 Give Ear to what a Stranger can deliver  
 Of what concerns you more than Triumph can.  
 I do impeach your General there of Treason,  
 Lord *Edmund*, that usurps the Name of *Gloster*,  
 Of foulest Practice 'gainst your Life and Honour ;  
 This Charge is true : and wretched though I seem,  
 I can produce a Champion that will prove  
 In single Combat what I do avouch,  
 If *Edmund* dares but trust his Cause and Sword.

*Bast.* What will not *Edmund* dare ! My Lord, I beg  
 The Favour that you'd instantly appoint  
 The Place where I may meet this Challenger,  
 Whom I will sacrifice to my wrong'd Fame :  
 Remember, Sir, that injur'd Honour's nice,  
 And cannot brook Delay.

*Alb.* Anon, before our Tent, i' th' Army's View,  
 There let the Herald cry.

*Edg.*



*Edg.* I thank your Highness in my Champion's Name:  
He'll wait your Trumpet's Call.

*Alb.* Lead.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Manent* Lear, Kent, Cordelia, guarded.

*Lear.* O Kent! Cordelia!

You are the only Pair that I e'er wrong'd,  
And the just Gods have made you Witnesses  
Of my Disgrace; the very Shame of Fortune,  
To see me chain'd and shackled at these Years!  
Yet were you but Spectators of my Woes,  
Not Fellow-Sufferers, all were well!

*Cord.* This Language, Sir, adds yet to our Affliction.

*Lear.* Thou, Kent, didst head the Troops that fought  
Expos'd thy Life and Fortunes for a Master (my Battle,  
That had (as I remember) banish'd thee.

*Kent.* Pardon me, Sir, that once I broke your Orders;  
Banish'd by you, I kept me here disguis'd  
To watch your Fortunes, and protect your Person;  
You know you entertain'd a rough blunt Fellow,  
One *Cajus*, and you thought he did you Service.

*Lear.* My trusty *Cajus*, I have lost him too! [*Weeps.*]  
'Twas a rough Honesty.

*Kent.* I was that *Cajus*,  
Disguis'd in that coarse Dress, to follow you.

*Lear.* My *Cajus* too! Wer't thou my trusty *Cajus*?  
Enough, enough. —————

*Cord.* Ah me, he faints! his Blood forsakes his Cheek.  
Help, Kent. —————

*Lear.* No, no, they shall not see us weep,  
We'll see them rot first.—Guards, lead away to Prison;  
Come Kent, Cordelia, come;  
We two will sit alone, like Birds i'th' Cage;  
When thou dost ask me Blessing, I'll kneel down  
And ask of thee Forgiveness; thus we'll live,  
And pray, and sing, and tell old Tales, and laugh  
At gilded Butter-flies! hear Sycophants  
Talk of Court News, and we'll talk with them too,  
Who loses and who wins, who's in, who's out,  
And take upon us the Mystery of Things,  
As if we were Heav'n's Spies.

*Cord.* Upon such Sacrifices



The Gods themselves throw Incense.

*Lear.* Have I caught ye?

He that parts us must bring a Brand from Heav'n:  
Together we'll out-toil the Spite of Hell,  
And die the Wonders of the World ; away.

[*Exeunt guarded.*

*Flourish.* Enter before the Tents, Albany, Goneril,  
Regan, Guards and Attendants ; Goneril speaking a-  
part to the Captain of the Guards entering. (mand

*Gon.* Here's Gold for thee, thou know'st our late Com-  
Upon your Pris'ners Lives ; about it straight, and at  
Our Ev'ning Banquet let it raise our Mirth,  
To hear that they are dead.

*Capt.* I shall not fail your Orders.

[*Ex.*

Albany, Goneril, Regan, take their Seats.

*Alb.* Now, *Gloster*, trust to thy single Virtue ; for thy  
All levied in my Name, have in my Name (Soldiers,  
Took their Discharge : Now let our Trumpets speak,  
And Herald read out this.

[*Herald reads.*

*If any Man of Quality, within the Lists of the  
Army, will maintain upon Edmund, suppos'd  
Earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold Traitor,  
let him appear by the third Sound of the Trum-  
pet ; he is bold in his Defence——Agen,  
agen.*

[*Trumpets answer from within.*

Enter Edgar arm'd.

*Alb.* Lord Edgar!

*Bast.* Ha ! My Brother !

This is the only Combatant that I cou'd fear,  
For in my Breast Guilt duels on his Side :  
But, Conscience, what have I to do with thee ?  
Awe thou thy dull legitimate Slaves ; but I  
Was born a Libertine, and so I keep me.

*Edg.* My noble Prince, a Word ;——'ere we engage,  
Into your Highness's Hands I give this Paper ;  
It will the Truth of my Impeachment prove,  
Whatever be my Fortune in the Fight.

*Alb.* We shall peruse it.

*Edg.* Now, *Edmund*, draw thy Sword,  
That if my Speech has wrong'd a noble Heart,  
Thy Arm may do thee Justice : Here i'th' Presence

Of



Of this high Prince, these Queens, and this crown'd List,  
 I brand thee with the spotted Name of Traitor;  
 False to thy Gods, thy Father, and thy Brother,  
 And what is more, thy Friend, false to this Prince:  
 If then thou shar'st a Spark of *Gloster's* Virtue,  
 Acquit thyself; or if thou shar'st his Courage,  
 Meet this Defiance bravely.

*Bast.* And dares *Edgar*,  
 The beaten routed *Edgar*, brave his Conqueror?  
 From all thy Troops and Thee I forc'd the Field:  
 Thou hast lost the gen'ral Stake, and art thou now  
 Come with thy petty single Stock to play  
 This after Game?

*Edg.* Half-blooded Man,  
 Thy Father's Sin first, then his Punishment;  
 The dark and vicious Place where he begot thee  
 Cost him his Eyes; from thy licentious Mother  
 Thou draw'st thy Villainy; but for thy Part  
 Of *Gloster's* Blood, I hold thee worth my Sword.

*Bast.* Thou bear'st thee on thy Mother's Piety,  
 Which I despise; thy Mother being chaste,  
 Thou art assur'd thou art but *Gloster's* Son;  
 But mine, disdaining Constancy, leaves me  
 To hope that I am sprung from nobler Blood,  
 And possibly a King might be my Sire:  
 But be my Birth's uncertain Chance as 'twill,  
 Who 'twas that had the Hit to Father me  
 I know not; 'tis enough that I am I:  
 Of this one Thing I'm certain, — that I have  
 A daring Soul, and so have at thy Heart.  
 Sound Trumpets. [Fight, Bastard falls.]

*Gon. and Reg.* Save him, save him.

*Gon.* This was Practice, *Glouster*;  
 Thou won't the Field, and was not bound to fight  
 A vanquish'd Enemy. Thou art not conquer'd,  
 But couz'ned and betray'd.

*Alb.* Shut your Mouth, Lady,  
 Or with this Paper I shall stop it. — Hold, Madam!  
 Thou worse than any Name, read thy own Evil —  
 No tearing, Lady, I perceive you know it.

*Gon.* Say, if I do, who shall arraign me for't?



The Laws are mine, not thine.

*Alb.* Most monst'rous ! Ha ! Thou know'st it too ?

*Bast.* Ask me not what I know,  
I have not Breath to answer idle Questions.

*Alb.* I am resolv'd——Your Right, brave Sir, has conquer'd. [To Edgar.

Along with me, I must consult your Father. [Exit Albany

*Reg.* Help every Hand to save a noble Life ; (and Edg.  
My half o'th' Kingdom for a Man of Skill  
To stop this precious Stream.

*Bast.* Away ye Empericks,  
Torment me not with your vain Offices ;  
The Sword has pierc'd too far : *Legitimacy*  
At last has got it.

*Reg.* The Pride of Nature dies.

*Gon.* Away, the Minutes are too precious ;  
Disturb us not with thy impertinent Sorrow.

*Reg.* Art thou my Rival then profest ?

*Gon.* Why, was our Love a Secret ? Cou'd there be  
Beauty like mine, and Gallantry like his,  
And not a mutual Love ? Just Nature then  
Had err'd. Behold that Copy of Perfection,  
That Youth whose Story will have no foul Page,  
But where it says he stoopt to *Regan's* Arms :  
Which yet was but Compliance, not Affection ;  
A Charity to begging, ruin'd Beauty !

*Reg.* Who begg'd when *Goneril* writ that ? Expose it,  
[Throws her a Letter.

And let it be your Army's Mirth, as 'twas  
This charming Youth's and mine, when in the Bow'r  
He breath'd the warmest Extasies of Love ;  
Then panting on my Breast, cry'd, matchless *Regan* !  
That *Goneril* and thou shou'd e'er be kin !

*Gon.* Die, *Circe*, for thy Charms are at an End ;  
Expire before my Face, and let me see  
How well that boasted Beauty will become  
Congealing Blood, and Death's convulsive Pangs :  
Die and be hush'd ; for at my Tent last Night  
Thou drank'st thy Bane, amidst thy rev'ling Bowls :  
Ha ! Dost thou smile ? Is then thy Death thy Sport ?  
Or has the trusty Potion made thee mad ?

*Reg.*



*Reg.* Thou com'st as short of me in thy Revenge,  
As in my *Gloster's* Love ; my Jealousy  
Inspir'd me to prevent thy feeble Malice,  
And poison thee at thy own Banquet.

*Gon.* Ha ! .

*Bast.* No more, my Queens, of this untimely Strife ;  
You both deserv'd my Love, and both possess it.  
Come, Soldiers, bear me in ; and let  
Your Royal Presence grace my last Minutes ;  
Now, *Edgar*, thy proud Conquest I forgive :  
Who wou'd not chuse, like me, to yield his Breath,  
T' have Rival Queens contend for him in Death ?

## SCENE, *A Prison.*

*Lear asleep, with his Head on Cordelia's Lap.*

*Cord.* What Toils, thou wretched King, hast thou en-  
To make thee draw, in Chains, a Sleep so sound ? (dur'd  
Thy better Angel charm thy ravish'd Mind  
With fancy'd Freedom ; Peace is us'd to lodge  
On Cottage Straw. Thou hast the Beggar's Bed,  
Therefore should'st have the Beggar's careless Thought.  
And now, my *Edgar*, I remember thee :  
What Fate has seiz'd thee in this general Wreck  
I know not, but I know thou must be wretched,  
Because *Cordelia* holds thee dear. (Image  
O Gods ! A sudden Gloom o'er-whelms me, and the  
Of Death o'er-spreads the Place.—Ha ! Who are these ?

*Enter Captain and Officers with Cords.*

*Capt.* Now, Sirs, dispatch ; already you are paid  
In Part, the Best of your Reward's to come. (halts.)

*Lear.* Charge, charge upon their Flank, their last Wing  
Push, push the Battle, and the Day's our own.  
Their Ranks are broke, down with *Albany*.  
Who holds my Hands ?——O thou deceiving Sleep,  
I was this very Minute on the Chace ;  
And now a Prisoner here.——What mean the Slaves ?  
You will not murder me ?



*Cord.* Help, Earth and Heaven!

For your Souls Sake, dear Sirs, and for the Gods.

*Off.* No Tears, good Lady; no pleading against God.  
Come, Sirs, make ready your Cords. (and Preferment.

*Cord.* You, Sir, I'll seize,  
You have a human Form, and if no Prayers  
Can touch your Soul to spare a poor King's Life,  
If there be any Thing that you hold dear,  
By that I beg you to dispatch me first.

*Capt.* Comply with her Request; dispatch her first.

*Lear.* Off Hell-Hounds, by the Gods I charge you spare  
'Tis my *Cordelia*, my true pious Daughter; [her;  
No Pity?—Nay, then take an old Man's Vengeance.

*Snatches a Partisan, and strikes down two of them;  
the rest quit Cordelia, and turn upon him.*

*Enter Edgar and Albany.*

*Edg.* Death! Hell! Ye Vultures, hold your impious  
Or take a speedier Death than you wou'd give. [Hands,

*Capt.* By whose Command?

*Edg.* Behold the Duke, your Lord.

*Alb.* Guards, seize those Instruments of Cruelty.

*Cord.* My *Edgar*, Oh!

*Edg.* My dear *Cordelia*! Lucky was the Minute  
Of our Approach; the Gods have weigh'd our Suff'rings;  
W'are past the Fire, and now must shine to Ages.

*Gent.* Look here, my Lord, see where the generous  
Has slain two of 'em. (King

*Lear.* Did I not, Fellow?

I've seen the Day, with my good biting Faulchion  
I cou'd have made 'em skip: I am Old now,  
And these vile Crosses spoil me; out of Breath,  
Fie, oh! quite out of Breath, and spent.

*Alb.* Bring in old *Kent*; and, *Edgar*, guide you hither  
Your Father, whom you said was near; [*Exit Edgar.*  
He may be an Ear-Witness at the least  
Of our Proceedings. [*Kent brought in here.*

*Lear.* Who are you?

My Eyes are none o'th' best, I'll tell you streight;  
Oh *Albany*! Well, Sir, we are your Captives,  
And you are come to see Death pass upon us.  
Why this Delay?—Or is't your Highness's Pleasure

To



To give us first the Torture? Say ye so?  
 Why here's old *Kent* and I, as tough a Pair  
 As e'er bore Tyrant's Stroke.—But my *Cordelia*,  
 My poor *Cordelia* here, O pity——

*Alb.* Take off their Chains.—Thou injur'd Majesty,  
 The Wheel of Fortune now has made her Circle,  
 And Blessings yet stand 'twixt thy Grave and thee.

*Lear.* Com'st thou, inhuman Lord, to sooth us back  
 To a Fool's Paradise of Hope, to make  
 Our Doom more wretched? Go to, we are too well  
 Acquainted with Misfortune, to be gull'd  
 With lying Hope; no, we will hope no more.

*Alb.* I have a Tale t'unfold, so full of Wonder  
 As cannot meet an easy Faith;  
 But by that Royal injur'd Head 'tis true.

*Kent.* What wou'd your Highness?

*Alb.* Know, the noble *Edgar*  
 Impeach'd Lord *Edmund*, since the Fight, of Treason,  
 And dar'd him for the Proof to sing'e Combat,  
 In which the Gods confirm'd his Charge by Conquest;  
 I left ev'n now the Traitor wounded mortally!

*Lear.* And whither tends this Story?

*Alb.* 'Ere they fought,  
 Lord *Edgar* gave into my Hand this Paper;  
 A blacker Scroll of Treason and of Lust,  
 Than can be found in the Records of Hell;  
 There, sacred Sir, behold the Character  
 Of *Goneril*, the worst of Daughters, but  
 More vicious Wife.

*Cord.* Cou'd there be yet Addition to their Guilt!  
 What will not they that wrong a Father do?

*Alb.* Since then my Injuries, *Lear*, fall in with thine,  
 I have resolv'd the same Redress for both.

*Kent.* What says my Lord?

*Cord.* Speak, for methought I heard  
 The charming Voice of a descending God.

*Alb.* The Troops, by *Edmund* rais'd, I have disbanded;  
 Those that remain are under my Command.  
 What Comfort may be brought to chear your Age,  
 And heal your savage Wrongs, shall be apply'd;  
 For to your Majesty we do resign

Your



Your Kingdom, save what Part yourself confer'd  
On us in Marriage.

*Kent.* Hear you that, my Liege ?

*Cord.* Then they are Gods, and Virtue is their Care.

*Lear.* Is't possible ?

Let the Spheres stop their Course, the Sun make halt,  
The Winds be hush'd, the Seas and Fountains rest ;  
All Nature pause, and listen to the Change.

Where is my *Kent*, my *Cajus* ?

*Kent.* Here, my Liege.

*Lear.* Why I have News that will recall thy Youth :  
Ha ! Did'st thou hear't, or did th' inspiring Gods  
Whisper to me alone ? Old *Lear* shall be  
A King again.

*Kent.* The Prince, that like a God has Pow'r, has said it.

*Lear.* *Cordelia* then shall be a Queen, mark that :  
*Cordelia* shall be a Queen ; Winds catch the Sound,  
And bear it on your rosy Wings to Heav'n—  
*Cordelia* is a Queen.

*Re-enter Edgar with Gloster.*

*Alb.* Look, Sir, where pious *Edgar* comes,  
Leading his Eyeless Father. O my Liege !  
His wond'rous Story well deserves your Leisure ;  
What he has done and suffer'd for your Sake,  
What for the fair *Cordelia*'s.

*Gloft.* Where's my Liege ? Conduct me to his Knees, to  
His second Birth of Empire : My dear *Edgar* (hail  
Has, with himself, reveal'd the King's blest Restauration.

*Lear.* My poor dark *Gloster*.

*Gloft.* O let me kiss that once more scepter'd Hand !

*Lear.* Hold, thou mistake'st the Majesty, kneel here ;  
*Cordelia* has our Pow'r, *Cordelia*'s Queen.

Speak, is not that the noble suff'ring *Edgar* ?

*Gloft.* My pious Son, more dear than my lost Eyes.

*Lear.* I wrong'd him too, but here's the fair Amends,

*Edg.* Your Leave, my Liege, for an unwelcome Message.

*Edmund* (but that's a Trifle) is expired.

What more will touch you, your imperious Daughters,  
*Goneril* and haughty *Regan*, both are dead,  
Each by the other poison'd at a Banquet :  
This, dying, they confess'd.

*Cord.*



*Cord.* O fatal Period of ill-govern'd Life!

*Lear.* Ingrateful as they were, my Heart feels yet  
A Pang of Nature for their wretched Fall. ———

But, *Edgar*, I defer thy Joys too long:

Thou serv'dst distress'd *Cordelia*; take her crown'd,

Th' imperial Grace fresh blooming on her Brow;

Nay, *Gloster*, thou hast here a Father's Right,

Thy helping Hand t'heap Blessings on their Heads.

*Kent.* Old *Kent* throws in his hearty Wishes too.

*Edg.* The Gods and you too largely recompence  
What I have done; the Gift strikes Merit dumb.

*Cord.* Nor do I blush to own myself o'er-paid  
For all my Suff'rings past.

*Gloster.* Now, gentle Gods, give *Gloster* his Discharge.

*Lear.* No, *Gloster*, thou hast Business yet for Life;  
Thou, *Kent*, and I, retir'd to some close Cell,  
Will gently pass our short Reserves of Time  
In calm Reflections on our Fortunes past,  
Cheer'd with Relation of the prosperous Reign  
Of this celestial Pair; thus our Remains  
Shall in an even Course of Thoughts be past,  
Enjoy the present Hour, nor fear the last.

*Edg.* Our drooping Country now erects her Head,  
Peace spreads her balmy Wings, and Plenty blooms.  
Divine *Cordelia*, all the Gods can witness  
How much thy Love to Empire I prefer!  
Thy bright Example shall convince the World  
(Whatever Storms of Fortune are decreed)  
That Truth and Virtue shall at last succeed.

[*Ex. Omnes.*]







# EPILOGUE.

**I** Nconstancy, the reigning Sin o' th' Age,  
Will scarce endure true Lovers on the Stage ;  
You hardly ev'n in Plays with such dispence,  
And Poets kill 'em in their own Defence.  
Yet one bold Proof I was resolv'd to give,  
That I cou'd three Hours Constancy out-live.  
You fear, perhaps, whilst on the Stage w' are made  
Such Saints, we shall indeed take up the Trade :  
Sometimes we threaten,—but our Virtue may  
For Truth (I fear) with your Pit-Valour weigh :  
For (not to flatter either) I much doubt  
When we are off the Stage, and you are out, }  
We are not quite so coy, nor you so stout. }  
We talk of Nunneries—but, to be sincere, }  
Whoever lives to see us cloister'd there, }  
May hope to meet our Criticks at Tangier.  
For Shame give over this inglorious Trade  
Of worrying Poets, and go maul th' Alcade.

Well—



## EPILOGUE.

*Well—since y<sup>r</sup> are all for blust<sup>r</sup>ing in the Pit,  
The Play's Reviver humbly does admit  
Your abs<sup>'</sup>lute Pow<sup>'r</sup> to damn his Part of it. }  
But still so many Master-Touches shine  
Of that vast Hand that first laid this Design,  
That in great Shakespear's Right, he's bold to say, }  
If you like nothing you have seen To-day,  
The Play your Judgment damns, not you the Play. }*

F I N I S.





EPITLOGUE.

Well—since you are all for staying in the Pit,  
The Play's a Review: humbly does admit  
Your abs'nt interest, & to thank you for it.  
But still to many Master-Pieces I am  
Of that cast I find that first-hand is the best;  
I bat in great Shakespear's Right, no second best;  
If you like nothing you have seen to-day,  
The Play your Judgment damns, not sends to Play.

FINIS.













Shakespeare, William,

<<The>> History Of King Lear A Tragedy: As it is now acted at the King's  
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